

THAKUR

**as revealed to
Pranab**

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TO THE DEVOTEES
WHO HAD BEEN
IMPASSIONATELY
SEARCHING FOR

THE INEXPRESSIBLE

THAKUR

Mukam Karoti Bachalam
 Pangum Langhayatae Girim
 Yat Kripa Twam Aham
 Bande Paramananda Madhabam

Oh! The All Blissful Madhaba, I bow down to Thee for Thine blessings,
 because by Thine wish, the dumb talks and the lame crosses mountains.

And, me, the weakest, had to have been assisted, although, in order to complete this great task. There was Thine wish for which Sri Asoke Kumar Bhaduri and Sri N. S. Srinivasan stood behind me with all their strength.

Sreepanchami

30th January, 1963

Ramrajatola, Howrah

Pranab

ETAD VAI TAT

The devotion of Pranab for his Revered Thakur has found expression in this book which reviews the Sadhana and Realisation of Thakur Sri Srimat Swami Prahlad Chandra Brahmachari.

Baba unlocked many new streams of bliss and illumination in the hearts of his devotees. How blessed were those moments of exultation and Divine joy when Baba became inebriated with his divinity!

It was Baba's wish that this book appear to enable us to better understand the mystery of these Divine Moods as expressed through him

Om Saha Navavathu
 Saha Now Bhunakthu
 Saha Veeryamkaravahai
 Thejaswinavadheetha Masthu
 Maa vidwishavahai.

Om Shantihi! Shantihi! Shantihi!

Mrs. Nellie Hart

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PREFACE

The Himalayan task and the colossal responsibility given to me by Sri Sri Prahlad Chandra Brahmachari have made me vibrant with two-fold sensations. The first one is that I am quite unworthy of all means, to cover up his estimation; while the other one is that I feel elated, peak-high, only to hear from him that I possess the proper qualities within me to explore into his life sketch.

I bow down to him and to the Feet of the Lord in order to have the blessings to complete the sacred task.

I do not take his name on my lips. I usually address him by one word as "Thakur" which means somewhat super-human type of personality. Hence, I write herein as Thakur while writing about him.

What I have watched in me, and in the case of the majority of incidents concerning me, that, whatsoever that would happen in the near future will have the proper significance, either by means of certain actions or through certain informations, long before the actual point of intersection. That is, it becomes exactly like a rehearsal prior to a theatrical performance.

It is no use telling all those here. This much will suffice in order to supplement my views that long before Thakur was introduced to me by one of my relatives, I could actually be introduced to him by a most queer way. Our actual introduction took place on 5th January, 1956. But, the typical type of introduction which had lasted only for a period of a couple of minutes happened at a most odd hour of a night in the month of July of the year 1952.

From the 1st June 1952 until the 20th June 1953 I was really so very fortunate. It was during this period when I used to have a trance-like state within me. Belonging, as I am, to the most ordinary fold, what made me achieve this marvelous state is as yet unknown to me. But, at the dead night of the 1st June, 1952, I could feel all on a sudden the first impulse of trance in me. It's a very dignified process absolutely of its own. It is a fact, that, unless that particular phenomenon sets in the core of the heart, there is the least probability of being within the region of trance.

Only the Yogis (Monks of the highest order) have the hold in them to create the atmosphere with a view to being one with their 'Self'. Why I was granted this scope within me is really a very surprising note. Anyway, since that day and up to a period until my meeting with the Thakur I had the sanctioned privilege to unfold my own mind at my will. Always it-used to break upon within me after the midnight.

I did not exert any extraordinary means to achieve it, neither had I any direct source to take lessons in this field. It was absolutely an automatic hit within me during all those days. And, in the month of July, 1952, in the dead hour I could experience as well as see the effect in a way that out of my own body, a man, in the form of a Sanyasin (monk) all on a sudden came out and squatted by my side likewise I was beseated.

What a sweet smiling face with all the divine touch he had over his countenance and body. There was no exchange of words there. That way he stayed for a couple of minutes. All the time he kept himself, attached to me, at a 90 degree angle. I enjoyed the bliss for a period. Finally, he again vanished within my own body. That was all the experience that I had that night.

The best is hidden inside. In the case of this earth where we live in all her treasures are lying below the rocky strata. It is difficult for the ordinary eye to ascertain her treasures from over the surface. But, the eyes of one who knows catches the glimpse and understands the actual opulence hidden within. Thus the mines all over globe, so far known, could be discovered.

I got the stage of exploration within me. Alas! I had not the proper iota of justification and hence I could not grasp the implications of all those stages with which I was being hovered over. The valuable mines within my innermost core could not be tapped by me although I was being given enough signals.

It was on the 20th June 1953 I got married. The serenity of my life was there no doubt. At ease and at my own will I would get the vision of the other world. But, the urge to see the things within gradually was getting on its wane. This much was the fact that the faculty I had developed in me remained a matter for me only. With a married man like me the charm and the essence for the trance got coloured into insignificance.

Why it became a fact for me and my house to get the presence of the Thakur within our fold? May I say, that, from the financial point of view we happened to belong to the series of the middle class. By the year 1954 it could be seen, that, our existence within the rank of the middle class was shaking and towards the worst category.

It was at that time when one of our relatives wanted us to contact the Thakur. Also, Thakur, was once apprised of the fact; but, he stalled off our meeting with him for the time being. It is no use suppressing the truth. We forgot about him also.

The downfall within our daily life was taking its toll at a rapid pace. Waves of misfortune dashed us to the bottom and I had my dissension with my partner in my business career. The sordid end finally led me to detach myself from my all activities.

Cut off from all activities I had no other way but to sit idle within the four walls of my small room. I became a prisoner in my own house and remained in that state for a period of long 14 months. All our earthly projections got stuck up within the span of our small house. So long as we had that somewhat bright days, we had all our relatives and friends incessantly pouring in. But, with the setting in of our black days all vanished like camphor.

The family tradition sustained us and all the spectres of sorrow and misery were there only to tarnish our health and complexion, but did not rob us of our mind. My two unmarried sisters were blossoming to the dust and the ebb tide pronounced its effect on the very youth of my sisters.

Whatsoever, my mother and the two sisters did not forget to maintain their devotional spirit within their heart. The elder amongst the two sisters had developed particularly a manifold vibration within the region of devotion and her faith in Goddess Kali was superinscribed to the greatest extent.

The sad episode in our daily living state had made her faith in Goddess Kali firmly set up to such an extent, that, ultimately she could score her 'self' to the pot-hole of the 'inner self.' She got submerged to that hidden state by the month of December 1955 and remained well blended there for a period of long 12 days. What an influence of the Omnipotent over her own small self! All her earthly ties with us got within the shell of her mind. She would not speak with us, neither would she respond to our call. The Mother would talk to her and she with Kali, vice-versa. In her own body she started playing doublefold. In her own self she was as she is; but, while in the form of Goddess Kali she would draw her tongue out and speak in that manner as is symbolised.

We got frightened over the issue. In the first two days of that state she had a manner of calmness all over. All our efforts to get her back to normality became of no avail. But, on the third day she broke her silence. We had no place to express our deep sense of joy. For a period of 48 hours she had no food—not even a drop of water could be administered to her. Surprisingly, we had noticed that the tip of the tongue had been drawn within.

Nevertheless, she broke her silence but it was all solely for her own cause. Although for the last two days she was lying on her bed, yet, in that state in a most normal way she started doing her pujah with the proper feats. All the while, she chanted the hymns in Sanskrit language distinctly. That continued for more than 30 minutes, and as usual she started singing the devotional songs.

Hardly we had been pleased to see her normal condition than we could be caught up by a note of dejection. Soon we understood that she had again gone back to a world unknown to us all. At times, she was laughing and again she would be weeping, or at best she might be talking in two different voices. One was in her own manner and the other voice was that of the Goddess Kali.

We were outwitted to think out the best course open for us all. The moment we discussed about calling in a doctor than forthwith she was influenced by the Mother Herself. We were told, "There is no doctor on this earth to diagnose the case. May you all know that it is only with a very limited few, I, the Mother of the Universe, blend Myself into One. I love you all, but I love your sister most, and hence, she is now staying with Me."

What not we had watched during all those 12 days! She proved conclusively that the superimposition of the Force of the Universe means an all-knowing state. In that state with the eyes closed will never mean sightlessness; rather, it becomes "X-ray" eyes. Time and space get intermingled and all the barriers are lost. Manifestation of the Shakti (strength)—both physical and mental—even without food for days together could be watched by us all.

However, when all our means to talk with her failed, then, we could find a solution. That is, we started addressing our own sister as "Mother." The clue was out. Our sister, under the influence of the Mother, became a Mother to us for the time and she replied to us.

For the rest of the days, until the day of Deliverance, we used to address her as 'mother' and all our nervousness ceased and her blissful state became our source of mirth and gaiety. We do not feel diffident by an inch even to say, that, although we learned that, she was under the mighty influence of the Omniscient, yet we did not pick up any commercial questions relating to our pecuniary hardships and earthly troubles. We were undoubtedly happy to be one in the same stream in which our sister remained at a stretch for such a long period.

After she was delivered to the midst of us, as our sister, again, we noticed that still she remained somewhat indifferent. She was free from the influence on 1st January 1956. And, it was on the 5th January 1956, Sri Sri Thakur very kindly consented to come to our house. We did not tell him anything. Simply he had heard all about the incidents concerning my sister. Without giving any prior thought to this story, he simply deduced that all those might be hysterical feat.

As soon as he stepped into our house, he changed his views forthwith. At first I did not face him. He tendered his desire to see me. As it was getting late, so, he shouted for me in a most friendly way from the next room.

Obviously I had no other option and I rushed to that room. At the very entrance I was caught unaware of; I looked at Shim and so quickly he had flashed on my eyes his bright pair of eyes. There was no deviation in his looking at me for at least more than a minute. All my motion to rush into the room had already been put to a halt, and it had lasted for a few more minutes in that way because he had attracted me like a magnetic pole.

After a while he drew himself down to his natural state. I was asked to come nearby and sit by his side. After I had touched his feet, he touched my forehead and told me on my face that in my living cell I was dead for the time being.

Exactly so, I was not in my active state for the last few months. The crash in my business career had made me dumbfound. On being asked by the Sadhu I told my name. But, sharply he pointed out to me "A dead man's story is a by-gone story. Do you like to get a new life afresh? In that case if you are to live, then, you must have a new name."

What a surprise? A few minutes ago I did not know so much about which he had hinted at me in that simple form. I tendered my agreeability to get a new name. I was resuscitated with a new life and a new name 'Pranab.'

Nobody in the room could follow what he had said to me. He enquired as to why I had stopped practicing my secret works concerning concentration of the mind. Why I did not under-take to have the visions which were bestowed upon me. And, also he could foretell about my deep inclination for the girl I had had before our marriage.

All on a sudden the thread of our talks broke down. By that time my sister had entered the room. We found the great Yogi (Sanyasin) was having a vigorous vibration within his temple. I could understand the inner significance of that type of action. For a period of 12 days at a stretch we used to receive that vibration in us.

The Sanyasin with his folded hand requested my sister to sit down. He closed his eyes and wanted to ascertain the reason behind the queer atmosphere brought about with her very entrance. He remained in an absolutely standstill state for a good deal of time. Gradually he became a normal man again. Smilingly but with all his keenness he wanted to address my sister as his own mother.

With his voice at his softest pitch he said once again, that he had seen his Mother in the body of my sister. After he could establish the fact, then, he wanted to bow down to her feet. This he did in no time. This he does even now.

We had been talking for hours together. The dusk was about to set in. He told me simply; "Pranab, you all are heading towards a path at a very tender age in that respect. Do you not toss and tumble in this way. Let the proper time come, then, you all will realise the 'Mother.' Standing on a wooden stool if anybody touches the living electric line, then, there may not be any shock. So, I should do in a way to put this whole house over a wooden base, so that, none of you can get into the region of the Force. Are not you ashamed of the fact that you are not having any means to earn your sustenance?"

However, he told me all those words likewise a beloved would advise. All on a sudden he asked me to fetch him a glass of drinking water. In turn, I asked my youngest sister to do the same for me. There again he cast his all sweetness in his voice and made me understand that he could ask my sister himself. As they were sitting on the other

side, so, from the point of convenience it would be much easier if I had gone to get a glass of water.

After I had given the glass of water then he did show a feat which was an awe-inspiring one to the extent. Instead of sipping the water, he started drawing the water within him but through his nostrils. The water was taken in that way, so long it was possible to do. Then he drank the last drop and handed me over the empty glass. I could not follow the significance then and there. Believe me, his whole face got radiated with all the glitter of joy as if he had swept the first prize of a lottery in his favour Finally he said to me. 'You do not know what I have taken from you away today!'

That very night I had wanted to get into the world of visions. But where was my power gone? Next day following when we met each other he did not spare to admonish me regard being had to the fact that I had again tried to get into the region of mysticism.

Who was he to know everything in advance? Ah! he is really one in all, and all in one. A superman within the fold of an ordinary man. He asked me to surrender my devotion to him. I need not do any worship even so to speak. He stressed that his all devotion would be my devotion. Since then I had to forget all about what I had within me, or what I do not hold with me now.

In a very simple language he has made me understand that as we do deposit our money in the safe deposit account in a good bank, similarly, my whole has been kept in a Divine Bank. In due course only I will have the right to get it back.

A rich man will remain a rich man only when he has a big sum deposited in a vault. I am happy that I have a treasure belonging to the fold of divinity but kept on a very long term scheme with the agent of The Lord. It is not dead because it is accruing the interest according to the scheduled charter of The Goddess Mother.

After I was acquainted with him I was advised by this great Yogi to treat him in a most friendly way.

However, in course of a month or so from the date of our acquaintance, one day this Sanyasin came to our house with a shaven head. As and when I could see him in that state, I was lost within the tinge of the remembrance of the past and could trace out that the MAN in my front was that MAN whom I saw once, coming out of own body and who in no time, vanished within me again.

I belong to him in and out. I bow to him with all my heart. He is my seismograph because what I do is known to him immediately.

It is for Mrs. Hart, who became eager to know, I am writing the life sketch of my Thakur who is by now known to her also.

All along I have kept the Thakur in the first person while writing this life story because I feel that Thakur is reproducing his own life, once again, in a form most extempore.

I remain,
Pranab.

MY CHILDHOOD

My 'Mother',

Me an illiterate person by all means. Yet, by virtue of being a man of other sphere, for which I had to undergo so many trials and tribulations, I could get hold of a thread which is the only essence that is ever pervading since time immemorial!

From my childhood I have been drifted towards a path full of misery and hazardous complications. I hail from a very poor Brahmin* family of Orissa, which is a province in India, and at my back, I bear within me a tradition of purity and respectability of all that is the highest in the Hindu Brahmin society.

Vedas, I mean, the religious hymns, that comprise the sacred books of the Hindu religion, used to be studied by all the ancients of our family. But, as ill luck would have it, I happened to come in our family when all the means to acquire lessons had coloured into insignificance due to our extreme poverty and straitened condition.

Ah! I remember vividly the pathetic state of affairs which actually led me to this path of being a Sadhu. What an amount of sorrow I had to face, headforemost, in my teens! Probably I was a boy of 9 years old then.

To get a morsel of cooked rice in those days was a question in our house. We have a little piece of cultivating land. The harvest that we would have, and as yet what we have would speak of a tale of having paddy for a period of 4/5 months in a year only. The rest of the months of the year for us has always been a state of half-starved-living. In between we used to be called by the villagers to act as a priest on certain occasions which meant a few clothings and a small amount in exchange. That's all about our own treasure.

So, you can well imagine the sad picture of our livelihood. Sometimes we had been having our distressing condition for days together. To us all those awful depressions would not lead us to gaining in our footing for an earthly life by any foul means.

Today when I speak of my story in this way, then, should I say with the criterion of preparedness, that, this is the only stream of life that is flowing within the so-called life of the general mass - yet, in comparison to the malpractices that are resorted to by a few heinous people, how many amongst us are happy with their utter honest get up in their every day walk of life.

Ages passed by: yet, the standard of the general mass remained the same. I carry with me all the spectres of a woeful and horrible state of affairs. A slight elevation from this degradation of this age-worn outlook means a steady radical change in the general condition of each and every Indian life. How far ahead of us it is standing by has to be searched for.

A man is bound by his own designs and ambitions. I also formed within me my own desires which is undoubtedly too sky high. A Sanyasin (monk) I am by my own

* Father - Late Sadhu Charan Kar, of village Purusattampur, Cuttack.

Mother - Late Hara Devi

will - nay, by my destiny. It is a sin for a monk when he talks about his desires and designs. Because, the cult of a monk lays stress upon 4 pillars of truth. Those are: (1) Brahmacharya (chastity and celibacy) (2) meditation (3) renunciation of worldly pleasures and happiness (4) cultivation of the feelings of oneness and sameness amidst every caste, creed and community of this bigger world.

By virtue of being poor what I did that day while I was but only a child. There was, as I remember now, not a single vegetable in our house with which my mother could cook for us. Oh! that little soul would weep for day in and day out with a view to seeing her rickety sons with a few morsels of food and a little curry at least once throughout a day long. How difficult it was then to secure that means for our sustenance!

Being by nature emotional and simple, once I stealthily had plucked a few green mangoes from our adjacent garden which was someone else's property. I can recount now, as clear as water, that, it was at that time we used to be given breads made of roots of green grass. In order to have a change in our foodstuff I had plucked those few mangoes from that garden and given those to my mother to cook anything in a newer light.

Alas! it was definitely new to me - nay, it would be absolutely new to any of my age, when I should reproduce the sad tale that lay at the background. Our father that day came back early from his usual rounds and inquired about the meals, if it was ready.

My mother out of her most impeccable senses told our father all about my gathering of those few mangoes. Our father could know that those were stolen by me any way or other. What a pertinent question I had to face. I saw thousands of stars in front of my eyes when my father out of wrath jumped on me and hit me with an ax over my delicate hip.

Blood, blood surged in over the floor of our small house out of my body and I bled profusely. Exasperately and out of fear I had left the house and started running hither and thither. Death was far too away, and I was not dead. Question of any medicine was to my mind hue and cry. Chewing the blades of green grass I covered my injury which was definitely a beastly onslaught on me by my own father.

RESUSCITATION

"Out of my candid sincerity I had plucked off a few mangoes. A child I was and I had all the childlike attitude in me. My father, being a Brahmin, had fought for his truth, tooth and nail. But, how could I understand the inner significance of getting those raw and sour mangoes from that garden. Hardly had I committed one sin, than, in no time, I had committed the next sin. That is, ticketless I started traveling right up to a place* which was just on the border of Orissa and Madras.

Ethics to me in that tender age was no better than in bounded books. Only once I had robbed the mangoes off my neighbour's garden and I had the reward in its worst form. However, restless and careless and homeless as I had been, I had wanted to hide in a place. Actually I could go to a place which was something like a desolate valley.

Slumber took me over forthwith. I fell fast asleep with a groaning pain in my temple. Half dead and cut off from my stock, completely, I could feel a sweet touch of a caressing hand. Pains subsided immediately and I opened my eyes.

Gradually senses dawned in me. I realized the state of affair. I found in my front a Sanyasin of a very tall height with all the galaxy of Jyoti (personality) over his countenance. Charming as he was, he was so very sweet, too. Smilingly he influenced me. At the outset with his very appearance I was scared. But, in the next phase I had not the slightest fear in me.

First, I was given five hand-made breads to eat. Secondly, I was given a shallow log of wood, one foot long approximately, from a nearby tree, and thirdly, another thing about which I was not prepared even to understand the severe outcome.

The log and the wood was a miracle. Prior to handing over the same to me the Sanyasin at first touched my deeply-cut wound over my hip with that. Instantly I felt I had recovered from that horrible pain and that enabled me to understand the efficacy of that piece of wood. It was as if a magic wand. It acted in me likewise the first rising sun that sweeps off the mist. There was no pain anywhere. Only the scar and the cut mark is as yet over there. I hold the same piece of wood with me even today and still it acts like a miracle as and when I would wish to utilise for anybody in his troubles.

The third display that the Sanyasin had administered on me was something queer. He paused for a while, and then lifted a dried leaf with a very tough stem at the other side. Actually to get this type of a leaf he had to search for nearby. All along during that time the prevalence of the language barrier kept both of us shut from giving any expression. Hence by means of a signal he asked me to elongate my tongue which I did accordingly. So very swiftly and sharply he caught hold of my tongue and etched a line with that stem by all his effort which meant profuse bleeding and also a severe pain.

It was a supremely forceful thrust on me. I do not know the actual effect of the anaesthesia which is perpetrated in time on any vital operation; nevertheless, the sense in me was lost. I lost my own existence. How long I had that reaction within my heart of hearts remained for me a matter of unfathomable reach.

As I was developing in years I could feel that the essence of the Universe is hidden in the secret core of our heart. The characteristic of lead is that it marks the paper. Similarly, a man who has attained the plane of ecstasy becomes a Superman or a

* This place is known as Simachal.

God-man. By a sheer will of this person the whole world might crumble to pieces. But, this if ever achieved, one shall forget all his 'ego.' It is the ego in a man which brings in all the grim phases in his career. So, a superman always is a contrary to an ordinary being. He sees in him the only 'Him' and everywhere, and in all he finds nothing but oneness.

Whatsoever, that Sanyasin had the power to instill and infuse within any that he could wish for. What is ordained will take place in due course. I was destined to be whirled away by virtue of being a thief for a moment. My father had punished me according to his estimation. There he did not care to risk his son at the altar of death. Although I did not die, yet, that stroke of the ax made me half dead. It was due to my sheer luck that I was saved by that Sanyasin. Wasn't this a resurrection? Probably so.

Yes, it was a new life for me. With the very day break I found that I was alone there in that valley. The trace of the graceful Sadhu was but a matter of dew drops on grass getting dried up with the very rising of the morning sun on the horizon. Instead I could see the end of a burning sacred fire covered with ashes and just in the nearby place I could see a few coins, scattered.

UNDER THE SKY

No pains anywhere within my limbs; rather, I was as normal as I was just before that horrible incident. I could not recollect even as to whether my father had driven me out of the house, or it was I who had banished myself from the fold of my all beloved. The Sanyasin's gift in the form of a few coins over there enabled me to be a truant and hence I decided to entrain in a train that it might carry me anywhere.

Due to stringency in our pecuniary condition I had nothing to put on, whatsoever. Round across the belly I had a black thread knotted. A strip of a rag only was hung upon this thread with a view to hiding the badge of my sex. That was all that I had then near-nakedness. A boy hardly in my teens, at time hidden under the bench or next time in the lavatory, as and when the train stopped at the platform, I could make good my journey, finally.

Never in my lifetime up to that moment I had heard the name of Howrah station. Standing on that spacious platform I gazed on all sides. Non-plussed and embarrassed to the extent I was. Along with the multitudinous people I could come out of the station.

At any rate being a sojourner for the first time I had to beg for my sustenance day in and day out. Years passed by in this loathsome condition. I managed to reside on the banks of the Ganges, in the night, near the Howrah Bridge approach.

That awful state and the grim spell of poverty cast on me all its horror for years together. Intimacy, according to status with men of his category, is a sure occurrence in course of every day meeting. I had all these acquaintances grown with people of my fold and gradually I learned about the vastness of Calcutta.

Each province has her own folk song and dance. Orissa also has her own such surprising notes. Who knew that that typical approach would make me a curio and an object of laughter. Yet, it was all for the best in order to fetch a pice. And this way I could have my way out.

Nature is having her non-stop review in every phenomenon. In doing all these changes, either in the living world or in the non-living, she is never old. The form of changes in the cyclic way is pronounced in every individual case. With the very life within a form, it develops into stages, and the final development in the form of maturity would mean the only end. So, I had been heading towards my adolescence.

Days were rolling like streams in the water. Illiteracy I had within my core and all the way for years together my little grains of illiteracy got clustered into a vigorous illiteracy. My ancestors at least had certain knowledge; but, the poor self being a carrier of the posterity was getting doomed, doubly.

As a seed under the earth turns into a latex and then slowly becomes a tree by the law of nature, so, I was covering up the stages in order to be a man in my stature. Other than the affairs concerning food in my belly, the rest of the time I used to sit by the side of the Ganges and bemoaned. At times in that standstill state I used to be feeling sleepy. The morbidity in those times would not give me the scope to proceed even towards my usual bed improvised by means of a few gunny bags. I got those spell bound nights passed off that way.

The metamorphosis in my psychic field was becoming stout and sound. I could trace the chain of changes silently and even the way of viewing the worldly aspects

transformed into a most sensational path. The typical mystic explosions that I was feeling and experiencing within me was getting accumulated in the form of lessons. But the other reality of life exists in getting a few handful of food in the belly.

Body and mind. One is dependent on the other. A sound body will have a sound mind. With the ordinary people what a severe fight they are to undergo for existence of the body. Because the sauce of mind gets withered due to lack of vigour in the belly, so, I would have had the same effect if there were not those mystic operations acting within me. The question of toughness of mind never arose in me. It was just like a shuttle cock I wanted to sway over my issues which were full of hardships and difficulties. I had already tasted all the barren life in my house at Orissa and my own mother used to exert her all-out effort only to fill up the void with whatever she would get within her clutch.

With my very start for life, at least, I was not given any training to get adamant. My father himself was wedded to a surrendering attitude, and in spite of so many feathers of horror were well on his every day life, yet, he had not the slightest tinge of sorrow, nor any reaction with the body politic of the society. So the gruesome poverty or the vortex of sorrow had not given me any impact of dejection. Society is formed according to the merit of the super-individuals reigning over the general mass. There also to think in terms of politics became a trash, absolutely, with me.

A man is not responsible for his chains of misery. It is the actual fatherhood in man which is infusing the secret destiny in his next posterity. Virtues with other bright systems, known as conscience, or the reverse being all the evils, will manifest from the very congenital state. But, a man blended with good and evil both. Yet, the varied life in this big city at times would make me perturbed and restless. The only question that would hover over me was really so very queer.

LIVELIHOOD

"Who has created this down-trodden state and misery in man? Is the mother of the Universe responsible for this horrible standard? Why a son there is having a golden spoon in his hand? Again, what does it mean that one is deprived of having a bowl of ordinary brass? Why a man is happy to part with all his treasures for the good of humanity, and why the other is not afraid while tingeing his tips of finger with a dirty and calumnious game? So many problems would come within my mind and intertwine with no definite solution.

Probably we are not determinedly ready to gain a systematic good change during our whole span of life. Do we ever care to think that we are not the masters of our own? A master only has the power to command. By means of tricks, however, nefarious they may be, we accumulate our wealth or fabricate our dominion with all that is best, but we have not the option with us to enjoy those on a perpetual basis. The question lurks at the fore. We are still weaving our design knowing fully well that Death will one day snatch us away from all our belongings.

It is no use stressing upon these points now. I have my mission to play. That will only come to a true shape as and when I have that atmosphere all round. So, to come to the point, I should say that with my very youth set in my body I changed my mode of begging. Instead, I started my life in the form of a Brahminical priest. That is, I secured a photo of the Goddess and hung the same across my neck in order to keep it over by breast. Thus I used to display this deity to certain shop-keepers* of this vast city. Also, while doing this I would be traversing a long distance on foot all day long, and as well, would stretch my palms to certain passers-by for a pice or so.

What a strenuous task it was to gather a rupee out of a whole day's toil! The shopkeepers, as my well-wishers, were distantly apart. The strength in numbers were not even twenty. If ever a shopkeeper remained absent or went out on certain business elsewhere then the question of getting that one pice assistance for the day became a problem!

There is a belief with the majority Hindu shopkeepers that their Deity, known as Ganesh, has to be worshipped by a priest. Always it is done by a matured priest. Hence, my question of becoming an independent priest to one such shop became a problem. Out of pity they used to help me only. Of course, there were cases with a few shopkeepers who used to think about me as their lucky agent. Hence, it was due to their earnest desire I used to visit them accordingly.

Tired or exhausted - no matter, I would be in my usual rounds. Under scorching sun of summer, or in the spattering rains as well as in the cold winter days, I used to remain the same tough guy with a view to becoming an object of pity.

* Sri Buddhi Nath Manna, Keshabpur, Howrah,
Sri Prosad Majhi, Kuldanga, Howrah,
Late Naren Kolay, Bhagabatipur, Hooghly.

How impregnable is the destiny's core and its unfortunate aspects! I had my miseries all round. It was a problem to earn a few chips out of the mercy of those who were strangers. I had but those 20 shopkeepers ready to help me season in and season out. But it was an awful task to cover the great distance which was poles asunder.

Flexibility in my income created worse confusion in me. So, I had to bid adieu with a heavy heart to this sort of earning my means. It struck within me that it might be suitable to get myself attached to a confectioner's* shop as a boy worker. I took up this course because by that time I had gained acquaintance with those types of boys working in those enterprises. At ease I could be engaged in lieu of a shallow amount and foods for both the diems.

Bearing within me all the higher qualities of a Brahmin I had to undertake jobs forgetting any and every prejudice. I would be sweeping filths after one had taken his meals in the shop, or again, would be washing the dishes, no matter whatever the caste or community be. What an ignominious task it was for me. Yet, I had not the liberty of my own to suspend myself from doing these absolutely abominable tasks.

All for the best, I was happy with my new change. That type of work was, unfortunately, a very boring one. I used to serve the food on the table for those who would want that way, and in the next time I would run with the sweetmeats, in hand, to the man who had come to purchase the same. Question of rest was so very silly to think about.

Really I used to get fed up so very often. Being a novice in that line of activities I used to be chased by all the other boy servants so that I might elevate my working spirit and attitude at the shortest possible period. What was there to take up, was my own question, too. The mentality of the proprietors of these shops is but one and only one. That is, the profit must be fat at the cost of lean expenses by engaging minimum number of boy servants.

For years together I had kept myself away from my parents. The obnoxious affairs concerning my job in that hackneyed confectioner's shop had made my life more miserable. At least for those by-gone years I was independent to a great extent. Mentally I was pricked within my mind, that, sooner or later I would get doomed if I were to continue with what I had myself chosen to be the best.

The moment that typical anguish landed in my heart I became indifferent. The spirit that I had in me got damped in no time. Very soon I incurred the displeasure of the proprietor of the shop for two reasons. First, my other colleagues started reporting, every now and then, against me to the proprietor. That I became a delinquent in respect of doing my duties was noted finally. Secondly, the outsiders at the counters used to create dispute pointing at my reluctant attitude.

How could I convince others with what distraction I was suffering from, then? In those days I used to be taken away by my inner self with all the retrospection of the incidents that involved me during my dreams in every night. I was experiencing mysticism especially from within my heart. Along with it I used to receive more lessons in the path of Yoga always in my dreams.

All, in the form of remembrances, would pile up during the day time. So, I used to falter in my duties. So, I used to be taken to task by the proprietor. At length that man would go so far that he would not have any obsession in calling me by ill names.

* Latte Madhu Charan Panda

However, as usual, one day during my return journey at the morning hours from the Ganges, I came across a bundle wrapped in rag on the road.

Whatever I had at the back of my career and at least the environment I had had during my infancy, it never imparted in me any design to build up my future by being a picker. The bundle underneath my feet focused within me as an object to my liking. What the contents might be was the only point at issue with which I was confronted.

Passersby on the road were few and far between. Just at that very moment I had not the slightest danger from falling within the range of any watchful eyes. With my very curiosity to lift the bundle, I felt my pulse was running like an engine.

Without giving any further thought I had my course decided. Hastily I picked up the same and I took my course towards the Ganges once again.

Definitely, culprits are immuned to committing their offense. Under what code of ethics my particular case could be placed! Yet, restlessness within me made my nerves so very weak that I could not even unfold the bundle with a view to looking at the contents within.

At length I became bold enough, as by that time, I could set up enough counter currents within my conscience.

Still the morning had not set in with its usual light and the congregation on the banks of the Ganges was at its minimum. Those who were there were busy with their own affair.

Without wasting any further time I opened the small bundle. What a surprise! With the very unfolding of the bundle I had seen two full-fledged guineas and sum of Rs. 250/- in currency notes.

What a trial the mother had instituted for me! I was really lost within the net which my own hands had woven. I decided to speak the truth to the confectioner under whom I was serving and with a formidable uneasiness, all over, within my body at last I reached the shop.

To establish the truth, at times, with the impeccable logic is a hard game. Truth unfolds its virtue to a truth-seeker only. In my case that straight significance crept into a malady with all its evil wings.

The local people rushed to the confectioner's shop on hearing my master's rhapsodic cross-examination. Blood surged within my veins and made me frightened. I was out of my gear and trembling all over. All the hoarse remarks of the confectioner hit me like a trident at my breast.

At the pitch of emotion somebody suggested that I might be taken to a local police station with the booty. But it was my master who, was so long shouting with a full-throated voice, captured the mind of the crowd. Actually he was a man of importance in that locality for a good deal of period. Hence, for the time being the matter was dropped.

After that incident I was made miserable. Whatsoever I would do was used to be on the nerves of my master. He made it a point to do away with my job through that type of ill treatment. So long he used to flood me with his obnoxious remarks. Since I had got that bundle and handed the same over to him, he started showing his arrogance in every respect. Also, he used to beat me times without number.

It became absolutely impossible on my part to continue my services with him. I was driven out one day, finally.

On the top of my dismissal from the place, I asked for the treasure kept with him. On my nose I was denied. I started weeping at the top of my pitch. Again there was a gathering of the crowd. The majority in the crowd expressed their good views pointing at my good habits and sober attitude which I had been extending to them during all those years of my stay in that locality.

Finally I was retained back with a sum of Rs. 250/- only. But those two guineas were not given to me. The more I would urge for those two precious bits, the more I was treated by ill words.

BACK TO MY HOUSE

Anyway, I was cleared off the dues for the period I had worked there. With all the money in my pocket I headed towards the Howrah Station in order to get back to my parents.

At last I came back to my house. I had seen so many changes within me during my stay at Calcutta. All along during all those sinister campaigns against me by my other colleagues of that confectioner's shop, they had the least fellow feelings. Everywhere I found myself beneath the general standard.

And similarly, our house at Orissa had all the worst form. The appreciable changes that I could notice was, that, my parents had advanced towards a more age-worn state and secondly, my youngest brother who used to be reared up by my maternal uncle, died in the meantime. The overall grim phases made me shocked and dejected.

My father had forgotten about that raucous treatment he had extended to me. Instead with a very cool temperament he entertained me within his core. My mother had no words to express her mind. Simply she dragged me within her breast and moved her fingers into the coarse hairs of my head.

What a solace! All those years I had been away, there was no tinge of affection extended to me. I wept and wept. All my accumulated pangs in the form of tears rolled down by my cheeks.

In time I handed over the treasures I had brought with me. My father had no uneasiness in his mind any more. Only he told me that our deity's room would require renovation. The Lord has given us the scope to utilise that big sum for that purpose.

So, the sum of Rs. 250/- was acceptable from that point of view. He could not use that amount for anything concerning our domestic cause. But, the other amount which I earned through my toil could only be utilised for our household affair.

Time passed by me again on the lap of my parents. In course of time I forgot all those ruthless insinuations which I had faced while I was in sojourn.

But, I was destined to have an otherwise life. I was not allowed to while away my days within the four walls of the house. Soon the Mother peeped over me in my dreams.

The eldest son of a house leads a quiet life in the home front. Alas! I was not spared to enjoy that type of foothold by virtue of my being the eldest in my father's line.

While I was residing in my house, I used to practise all the Yogic feats which I was given to understand by the Great Gracious Mother in my dreams. At last, once again, I left my home without giving my prior notice to any in my house.

AS A SERVANT

On reaching Calcutta, again, I took recourse to begging alms from those old places. At night instead of retiring on the bank of the Ganges I used to stay in the free lodging houses, known as Dharamshala.

Soon I could engage myself as a servant in a well-to-do family. It was absolutely a menial's job from the point of my Brahminhood. This type of activities could not become for long suitable to my temperament. So, I left that job and came back to the fold of a stray priest.

But this servant's career in a rich man's house gave me a very good scope. As a servant, undoubtedly, I was a man of no importance. Nevertheless, everything in a rich man's quarter is done in a most luxurious way. There was in that well-to-do house a pack of servants and maid-servants. From the point of exerting the physical labour it was not so much a strenuous one; rather the work there was distributed in different angles. Definitely I was happy in order to see that I could get the opportunity to practise my Yogic exercises according to the instructions imparted to me by the Mother of the Universe.

Soon I had control over all the **Asanas***. Every feat in this line of Yoga has its special acquisition within the limbs of a body. Gradually I could set up the actual control at ease on each exercise. Ultimately, to remain in a particular mode concerning a particular Yoga for one whole night became a matter at par with the Mother's teaching.

The celestial bliss was gradually gaining its depth within my whole mental region. Life in its external sphere was too drab and all the day long I would be pampering the slavish foothold in order to be a full-fledged servant. The egoistic spirit as to being a Brahmin would boil within my heart. There was no exit for me for the time being. My conscience became subservient to my downtrodden state.

It was no use thinking of any otherwise change in that provisional set up for which I had to stick to the services, however low, that it had been. An illiterate person like me would not fare in any other sphere.

But my conscience would start becoming vigorous during the time of the respite at the late hour of the night. What a pathetic state of affair! In the day I had all the feelings of sparing no pains to discharge my duties to the best satisfaction of all in that well-to-do house. And, in the night a series of indifference would lead me to a world where I would envisage the nothingness of the whole day's manual toil.

Really the Mother would mince my calmness at the midnight into Her own deliberations. That is, more training in the path of Yoga became a daily routine. I used to be lost in my senses with a view to establishing any justification of my own for all these divine processes.

So, I had two-fold activities for a good deal of period. If the obverse was linked up for the accumulation of money by being a servant, then, the reverse would focus within me all the qualities of becoming a virtuous man.

* Exercises concerning control over body and mind.

MYSTICISM

"In the tussle finally it was the Mother's signal that took a toll in my career. Without giving any further thoughts to my future life I was succumbed to the effects of this reverse attitude. Once again, I became a man of no importance. I put a halt to my well earned state of servanthood and became a vagabond.

Again I faced the grim phases of straitened conditions. But each step in my life was undoubtedly taking its turn due to the clarion call of the Mother. Soon I was shown a demonstration concerning an aspect which really happened certain years ago.

Vividly I was told to chew the log of wood which was very kindly handed over to me by that benign Sanyasin. So long I was carrying the same without knowing the actual importance. Forthwith I could recollect that incident. The Sanyasin had instructed me to chew that log of wood also. But, I could not understand the proper meaning unknown to me on that day due to the intonations in his own language.

At times, I used to scrape off a small peel from this sacred wood and eat the piece. The Sanyasin's wish had started giving me in the form of a boon. What I had never known up to that time of life now gradually enabled me to peep into the pool of knowledge. I could see either the truths written in golden letters or utter the verses written in the ancient sacred books.

By seeing any man standing in my front I could forthwith read his heart. The intricate secrets of any life could not conceal from my knowing all about that had already happened or what is imminent even.

Being a vagabond, soon, I became a beloved within the circle I used to keep my company with. Instead of begging, from that time I had the opportunity to earn my livelihood as a foreteller or an astrologer.

Since I had resigned from my services as a servant I got scared, and experienced all the sad state of misery to the highest extent. Up to the moment I could know all the sound hold within my mind, I had the greatest melancholia concerning the precarious position in my house at Orissa.

It caused me the only anguish as and when I could feel the helpless hands of my father working for the premium of no significance. The face of my mother with all the miseries carved within would flash so very often before my eyes.

Embarrassed and bewildered by all means I had no way but to rest on Her will. All along up to the state of my maturity the Great Mother had done so much for me. With the advent of the divine ingenuity in the core of my heart I got the greatest privilege to face the people.

He who has the power to talk like a wise will steer through under all circumstances. But, with me it was a matter of a surprise. Those who used to tease me for the simple reason that I was a dunce and a ghoulish looking man would not dare do that thereafter, because, I was changing to the hilt in the most secret way.

The people would call me by their sides and would entreat with all their eagerness to foretell their affairs which were in the offing. What a note of surprise! Whatsoever I would say became true.

In this way, I actually had the scope to earn at least the worth of a rupee. A rupee thus earned by me throughout all day long would bid me to stop for the day. At the end

of every month I could remit a little amount to my father. I did not know how far I could help alleviate in the dire distress of my father.

I did not falter in maintaining the Yogic exercises at the dead night. The whole day's toil in the form of walking on foot from one end to the other although was exhausting yet, somewhere I used to be self-complacent for the only fact that the great Mother had, from the very beginning, made me a tool in Her Hands.

Being a Brahmin by birth I had already inherited certain aspects in the line of worshipping the Deities. But that was far too low to performing the formalities in the methodical way.

It should not be preposterous to say, that, since I had started chewing that log of wood given to me as a gift by the great Sanyasin, I had felt a new series of vibrations within my brain. Hence, this new achievement led me to perform my daily Pujahs (worshipping) by means of chanting the psalms which are well laid down in the Puranas (Vedas and other Hindu philosophies).

At times, the terrific flow within my heart would gush out from my mouth in Sanskrit in the form of tidal waves. I used to forget the time which meant the sweet touch of the rays of the morning sun had transformed into a terribly scorching noon of the day.

The pin-pointed Jyoti (luminosity of the cosmos) that is ever pervading all through would cluster into a mass in front of my eyes with a view to making me unconscious of all earthly realities. In this way, the curtain of the worldly adversities was getting knocked off. In the very way, on the other hand, the curtain of the secret world was gradually getting lifted from within.

Apathetic to all other calls I had been, so to speak. Only my eagerness to understand the characteristics with which I was inculcated remained alive. I took tie vow to remain pure at heart and true to my 'self.' I passed my days that way—at times although I tossed undoubtedly due to my chaotic state of living.

It was at the 24th year of my age when one day I was invited by one of the well-wishers* to attend a Sradh** Ceremony (a ritual ceremony that is performed after the death of a person) in an interior village of the District Hooghly. This village, Ramanathpur, is inhabited by a mostly well-to-do families.

Of all things that could be noted foremost was, that, the villagers there had a very wide outlook for the Brahmins. They tendered to me their great respect and paid a very high homage during my stay with them.

Soon it was circulated, that, I had gathered a great power, and possessed the skill to foretell from anybody's forehead as to the effects concerning present and future.

The Sradh ceremony being over I had wanted to leave the village. But, the gentleman who had invited me there in that occasion would not let me have my way. So, my stay in that house got stretched up without any limited span of time.

Day in and day out I remained surrounded by persons of both sex. Everybody there pulled me by their heart and with the very telling of my desire to leave the place

* Late Jatin Pal, Late Tulsi Pal, Late Sachin Pal, Late Subal Bhat and Late Nagen Ghosh of Ramanathpur Village, Hooghly and Patal Babu (Banerjee). Sree Nishakanta Kumar taught Thakur to read Bengali.

** Satish Shit's father's Shadh Ceremony.

would make them heavy in their hearts. Unforgetful as I was with my state of miseries I continued my stay in that house.

GLORIOUS DAYS

"Life broke open a new avenue for my next career. I would tell them, either their past, or the next phase which was to peep in, with my sharp conviction. The news, relating to the note of mirth or the sad episode, would fling into their life according to the Mother's bid with which I used to be prepossessed.

Both men and women would come to see me from nearby, as well as from afar. So many new cases would crop up. There were cases of diseases or accidents or typical cases concerning litigations. After I could tell the truth, forthwith, I used to be entreated for a positive thread of light.

What a forceful demand they used to administer on me! I could not check my emotions too. I had to see varied disorders in my own life. What a tremendous hardship passed on me in the form of gales, and so very often, I had to change my provisional arrangements under different catastrophes! Any sonorous treatment would vibrate within my feelings with all the courses of tears rolling upon my cheeks.

It became quite impossible for me to escape from those ailing and most unhealthy state of affairs in my front. I asked the Mother within me, as to why she had selected me for all those treasures which so very graciously she had stored within my heart.

Nevertheless, I had a very lone atmosphere all around me. An insignificant creature like me could be welcomed by innumerable hands after I had traversed a spacious path besmeared with hate and despise. Regardless of age these villagers used to lie prostrated at my feet for a single change in their untold miseries.

With my prayerful mood I would double up my prayers with a view to flowing within their burning hearts at least a grain of the Mother's blessings. The resultant effect would become, on all occasions, on the even side. Gradually, I had been given recognition as a pious man with the qualities of top pursuits.

There was and as yet it is, there in this Ramanathpur village, a small temple in which a diety of the Kali used to be worshipped. I was given the scope to worship the Mother to my heart's content.

Alas! one day I was taken to task ruthlessly by a few villagers because I had offered the Mother Kali cooked rice at my discretion. To understand the actual significance behind the background was beyond my wit. Nevertheless, I was dragged under their heel because I had broken their convention.

Irritation of those few villagers pitched up higher in order to displace my foundation. The displeasing note reached the culmination and my host was frightened of a terrific outcome if at all I should be given indulgence any further.

The tension was loosened only when I had agreed to conduct myself according to their terms. So to speak, I left the host to his utter pain.

Just a little distance from this temple there was an open space full of bushes and thorns. Seeing a very big tamarind tree I sat under the shade with a heavy heart.

I felt myself forlorn by all means. I could not recollect the touch of depravity I had induced in their convention for which those few flippants could approach me with their sleeves up. There was no strength within me to stop my tears flowing out. I prayed

to the Mother for the only fortitude to tide over the situation, and fortunately I was not debarred from getting Her mercy.

The evening with all the black shades, by then, had started spreading upon the earth. The calmness of the evening made those insolent persons reluctant to their provoking attitude and soon a number of people came to my rescue.

By that time the Spirit within me had prompted to bear the ruthlessness with a stout patience. I held my breath standstill when I heard that the Mother would never leave me to be detested by the headstrong people.

I was given the bid by the Goddess Mother that a domestic house should never be a permanent privilege to Sanyasin. It was all for the new trend in my career to be given a shape out of scratch. The Mother focussed within my mind all about Her desire to stay in that speck of land where for the whole day I had retreated and taken shelter out of fear.

Soon the veil of my sorrow got nipped. I was retrieved back to an honourable state by a new set of people. The owner* of that stray land was diffident to express his mind to me straightforwardly. Nevertheless, I was given a candid assurance that I might acquire that barren land covered with bushes and thorny plants and convert that into a habitable corner.

As proposed, the next day following a few labourers were engaged by the owner to lop off the creepers and other plants to the level of the ground. At the quickest possible time the outlook of the dreadful land got the resemblance of a small Ashrama (hermitage).

Since then it is about 39 years I am staying here as one of their beloved during which period all their series of miseries have brought within me a trend of miseries and their every grain of happiness in turn, has been shared by me as my own happiness.

Everybody in this earth is craving for a state of a consolidated footing throughout the lifelong. On top of all the privileges, the foremost criterion stands sound only where there is at least a thatched hut of its own. A Sanyasin has been an exception to all these domestic scopes. The householders have their families, so, they should stick to a method by which they must be able to synchronise with, and subdue, the hardships and difficulties in their daily life.

But, a Sanyasin has his other philosophy and mode of living. Like a family member he should not be a honeysucker and make a bee-hive. Rather, as a bird lives on the grains it comes across throughout the day long, and as it has to search for those grains by means of hopping over its wings from one place to another, similarly a Sanyasin must be alert on his feet and should traverse the locality only to find out a man in a house who is pure in heart and true to his deeds. As a bird would not know about his fate, so, a Sanyasin also should not accumulate any provision for his next day even. But, I became a queer mixture of materialism and metaphysics, and was passing my days with this type of composition.

* Given Shelter by the mother of Sri Jaggeswar Pal of Ramanathpur, Hooghly, where the Ashrama (Hut) is situated.

MARRIAGE PROPOSAL

Very soon I was dragged to my house at Orissa through a message which my father could post by means of a source. Undaunted by my own Will I had wanted to lead a life as prescribed by the Supernatural Hands. But, it was absolutely otherwise from all points of view.

A son, in front of his father's personality, is too puny by all means. I could not also thrust any definite challenge on the face of my father to stave off his formidable bid.

I was told to marry the girl he had selected for me. What an awful proposal tendered to me in a moment's notice! Benumbed and motionless I had been for minutes, and I had not the strength even to clear off the lumps I felt within my throat. By the time I had gained the courage within me to extend my sharp negation I found my father was on his legs away from the place.

What a supremely distasteful shake vibrated within my foundations and made me absolutely non-plussed!

All the itineraries for the marriage Was getting ahead as scheduled. I had no option other than to submit to the call of my parents. Negotiations for fixing up a Hindu marriage is absolutely a prerogative of the guardians of the bride and the bridegroom. Who am I to break the convention that is standing there since time immemorial? So I had no way but to swallow the pangs head-foremost if at all that had to be hurled at me by my father.

Until the auspicious moment cast its point of intersection I Was groping within my owns mind. After I could ponder deeply over the imminent issue which was within the region of prayer, I had the desired clue to ventilate my impulse towards a state of calmness. Nobody in my house could follow the sudden trend that had clutched me by that time.

The Mother had hugged me by Her divine wish. She had saved me from all the typical trials. It was a case of that inherent libido which is the only factor being the Gateway to the path of Creation for all the living beings. I had the urge also within me with the very advent of my manhood.

I could understand that my rudimentary training in the line of Yoga became a reality only due to my luck. Hence, out of despair while I was thinking of my acquittal I was granted a particular stay to react against the feasibility of my marriage. However, the preparations in our house, as well as in the bride's were getting on in a slow but steady way. Yet there was a considerable time for the due date.

I had my inclination to acquire the greatest stronghold in all the branches of Yoga. The Padmasana (a particular feature of sitting-with both the legs placed in a criss-cross manner) being the foremost to gain concentration of the mind, became my only issue. For hours-together at a stretch I could remain in that state.

But I had the greatest attraction for the Asana* comprising of the most strenuous skill. This was to remain standstill on one leg only. I declared to all the inmates of my house that I might not be disturbed for at least 3/4 days although I would suspend from

* A particular posture for the highest control all over the limbs of the body to be attained by a special feat an Exercise.

taking any meals even during all the days because I would be performing a special Sadhana (prayer).

At first I was given a sharp check from all corners and was told to behave in a way as all the ancestors in our line had done so far. I could make them understand that my married life or the unmarried state could never mar the possibility for the realisation of the Goddess Mother.

As I had wanted to Seclude myself in a room within our own boundary, so, they decided not to clamp any further toughness on my discretion. I was spared to swing in my own emotion for the earmarked days.

By the grace of the Mother I could endure and withstand all the effects of the painful upheavels. Even the Nature's call could be thwarted at ease. The hunger in the form of appetite, the slumber in the state of sleep and the state of that one-legged equilibrium with the criterion of a sensitive balance, and even all the other Nature's calls within finally submerged in the state of sublimity. For four days and nights I was not in my own 'self'.

I had my Siddhi (final state of achievement in the cult of Mysticism) at least through one such Yoga process. Although the 'ego' has to be knocked off in order to be one with that BIG ONE, yet at least a tinge of 'ego' has to be maintained all through the process. By virtue of myself being taught by the Divine Mother Herself I could come back to any own body 'self' at the due date.

My state of retreat for such a good deal of period made everybody thrilled with a sense of awe and solace.

The Mother by the time taught me to see in every human Her own embodiment and gradually this particular sense was getting indelibly etched in the core of my heart.

What a sense of indifference had cast its spell on me! I had my mind working within. Yet, I was made a tool by all my well-wishers, for this marriage.

Lest there might be the calumnious stigma concerning the bride they had chosen, I tendered, once again, my absolute unwillingness to marry. I made everybody understand my mission and explained my over-all attitude to the womanhood as an embodiment of the Divine Mother.

A marriage is fulfilled only when the hearts of the both choose, eyes of the both find and the hands of the both bind each other. The destiny in my person was meant for something odd and hence it was just at the eleventh hour when I had vanished from my house. At length I became immuned to all the pathos that had heaped all round. In a minute the hilarious mood of everybody transformed into a state of utter gloom.

The Mother had given me to put on a cloak made of steel. There were no such earthly weapons to infiltrate within my strong mind. I cast a deaf ear to that poor mite who was made a tool for me in the category of a beloved wife. I hail no other hope to see her again bedecked with an apron over her head. To me the womanhood had transformed into a part and parcel of the Mother.

SADHANA

It is since when the Creation has set in with its only Illusion (Maya) amongst all the living beings? The cyclic way is as rampant as it was with the first couple. Only the essence of illusion changes in the minds of men and women according to the constitution of the physique and the stamina of the mind.

With the very advent of life in the body this illusion starts functioning and it stops only when the body ceases to exist. But, does it stop altogether with the death of the body?

I had this only question lurking in my mind likewise the mercury column in a barometer. The moment I would think about the incident concerning my own marriage affair, I used to get submerged in an ocean of sorrow.

How could I deny all the experiences which I had had during all those years? This single denial would lead me to deny the existence of the Omnipotent in toto. And, possibly I should not do that on the face of all the radical changes I had undergone. Also, by virtue of those changes only I could get into the region of the Eternal Knowledge.

So, it struck me as to how this soul in a man acquires transformation for the higher order. The passion in a body is the spontaneous outcome. I had all the tunes stored within me. It was the Mother who had shown me Her manifestation in the Universe.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that as we clean the dirt and filth by means of water, similarly the soul in a body gets transformation by means of remaining akin to the Divinity. One might get this order in a single birth or it shall come within through a cyclic system of birth after birth.

Did I insinuate the Creator's only system by my own deliberations, or was it really the Mother's bid within me receiving which I singled out myself just at the juncture of the marriage ceremony?

With this only pang all over within my mind, I left the house. Finally I took the vow of renunciation and started putting on coloured clothings of the Sanyasin's order.

Life within me remained the same. Only one thing I could notice, that, really my mind had advanced into the interior and for the bigger part of the day I used to be attached to me only. Ill fed and ill clad I got pale and became weak to a greater degree. The public places or even the villagers' house where there were enough hum-drums, became boring to me. I had wanted to retreat to seclusion for better concentration of mind.

The small hut was undoubtedly filled with an atmosphere of dead silence, yet every moment I used to be taken away by the visitors squatted over the space. The same questions concerning their luck would be put to me season in and season out. I had to succumb to my knowing the hearts within and my ability to foretell their future would foster in a much more additions of new hands in the next day following.

Just before I had left this place for my house on the request of my father I had consumed a span of 4 long years in the path of deep meditation. The Mother had given me bid to sit for deep meditation in the vicinity of a Burning Ghat (where dead bodies are consigned to the pyre to put an end to the mortal state).

Almost in all cases the Burning Ghats are situated off from the localities. I had to cover the distance in the midnight and especially I used to go only almost during the New Moon nights. Unless otherwise wanted one never goes to this dreadful place; but I had my courses there to be administered only. The Tantra (methods and applications to get within the region of the Absolute) had caught me vigorously in order to manifest its essence from all possible angles and hence I had no escape from its wings of attraction. Undaunted by my will I used to sit in that dreadful atmosphere where only silence pervaded to that extent, with this only urge, that, may my flesh get wedded to my bones in order to get the Great Mother of the Universe.

The metaphysical state in a man is altogether a different phenomenon. Nobody knows when this particular merit will start functioning within. There are so many ways to acquire this virtue through different processes. But, the three ways to fulfill the enormous possibilities in the career of a man have been accepted as the golden rules.

First, we have our own pair of eyes. By seeing any new thing happening in our front we may adopt the theme and set in a motion of in working order by sheer way of constant practice.

Secondly, there is the way of getting initiation through the scope of hearing any order of idealism by means of our own ears. The lessons are then to be established into perfection through a series of practice.

The best way to understand the secret characteristics is always possible if only our own conscience guides us with all the right justifications. The third process is definitely the highest of all the processes, because, there in that case we shall see, that, inspiration is always playing the foremost part to endure the hard test of the conscience.

All the three so very often helped me to understand the dialectics of the metaphysics. The only aspect that is covering the originality of the human beings can be realised only when the mind will be tuned up with the highest order of the metaphysics.

How long during our living state is it possible to remain within the note of the metaphysical order? A fruit in its ripe state gets detached from its stem and falls on the ground by the law of gravitation. Similarly, a mind in its highest order must rush towards his own soul being its final state of identity.

To attain this state one has to undergo much practice and a day might come when by means of all these practical efforts one might reach the apex.

It was since my boyhood I used to experience so many calls from within and outside. During the course of all those years a psychic power had influenced me and transformed my state of affairs into a realm of ecstasy.

Sitting in the secluded corner of Ramanathpur village I had enough scope to merge in the spacious ocean of concentration. Being apathetic to all other calls of reality in the dominion of the domestic field I was getting something queer towards the field of mysticism. It was on the verge of such an ascent I was called by my father to stand and face the nuptial ceremony.

A man marries at least with a little means of livelihood. I had not developed that stamina in me to earn my footing. Again, on top of everything I had all round but certain disqualifications. All these disqualifications are found only in the life of a Sanyasin. Out of which the foremost demerit is the vow of remaining a bachelor life long. A Sanyasin's merit is fulfilled only when he sees Mother in every woman. After the marriage could be foiled under the guidance of my conscience, I slipped towards the

Railway Station like a thief. Once again, with all my maturity in age, I had to make good my way, ticketless.

It was really difficult to eye-wash the watchful Railway Checker. Calcutta was far away off from the point I was dashed out of the compartment. It was Kharagpur Junction which is a place of big importance.

The strain in my mind and the great appetite in my belly made my head reel to a greater extent. Silently I had to accept the drastic step of the Railway Checker lying down. With a great mental strength I came out of the platform with the design to earning a little for my next journey towards the city.

It was not so easy in the light of which I had thought to earn certain means. The latest incident really made me embarrassed and so many counter-thoughts in the shape of perplexities all the while, since that day, was rushing within my veins. The chaotic state brought in a series of crises and had stupefied me, although nonchalantly I had wanted to overthrow all the awkwardness behind my ruthless measures to the marriage.

Initially I had the stigma pierced within my heart and the scars in time, made me stony with the result that I could not walk any further. A tree nearby was my only matter for relief. I sat down under the shade and bore the pains.

Up to that moment I had wanted the Gracious Mother to lead me by Her wish but I had failed miserably to grasp the next best course. Just as it is impossible to see the reflection of the moon on a surface of the water getting constantly stirred up by a hard breeze, so, it is absurd to understand any inference from the bid of the conscience being influenced by a hypochondriacal state of mind.

At least I had not wanted to retrospect the pros and cons of the diabolical act because whatsoever had happened was beyond my control.

The foremost issue with which I had been confronted with was to get a morsel of food. The passers-by had not the least inclination to pay any glance to my distressful condition. Neither I had the courage to extend my conscience at the mercy of those who were passing by me.

Finally the influence of the state of hunger cast all its stupor of restlessness within my mind and stretched me out to the mercy of one ordinary man. He cared so very little that he did not even halt for a while to hear my precarious condition.

The man in my front had all the wrinkles of grim phase over his forehead. Definitely he did not jeer at me. He soared to the maximum height of indifference. Hence, it was not possible for that passerby to lend his sympathetic role to my frantic appeal.

He who knows where the shoe pinches, will definitely be conscious of the nail within the shoe. Without any further loss of time I had given a forecast regarding his particular troubles he had had. Immediately his senses sprang up to the plane of a natural consciousness and turning towards me inquired if I had sought for any assistance.

Slowly he retraced his steps and came within my jurisdiction. Once again I repeated my sharp conviction covering his unfortunate state of affairs. In a kneel down posture and with folded hands he ascribed to my sayings as a prophesy of the highest order and did not, in the least, feel shy of surrendering to my feet.

I knew that ultimately the man would come out victorious from the fold of the horrible litigation. But, I was not in a mood to shine the distortion of his apathetic state

which he had developed within his mind due to a formidable disorder into his domestic issues.

Really by that time I was exasperating due to abstention from taking any food for a longer period as well as I was feeling thirsty beyond any expression.

It was the man in my front who could guess my ailing state and requested me to come along to his house. With the least reluctance I agreed to his proposal and exerted my all-out energy to cover up the distance. For four consecutive days together I swayed my own 'self' in the stream of that family and became one in them.

Soon the exhaustion in my body got transformed into normalcy and the disruption of my mind was coloured into insignificance because all those days, in that house, I was excluded from the category of an ordinary man.

Life seemed to me a part and parcel of the celestial order and a tidal wave of divinity encroached upon my consciousness. In the midst of that exuberance I was feeling void somewhere. With a great pang within my heart I tendered my unwillingness to continue my stay any more which in turn broke them down.

I assured my host that soon the Great Mother would favour him to acquit himself from all the troubles. Accordingly, my passage for Calcutta was booked and with a heavy mind we saw each other off.

Finally, I reached the village and very soon my presence in the Ashram stirred up the villagers with a sense of jubilation. Alas! they did not know about the catastrophe I had perpetrated only a few days ago in the carrier of an innocent girl!

However, I had all the hatred for concealing a truth. Without any hesitation I reproduced the calumnious incident I had administered on the face of my father's goodwill. This much I could make them understand that the marriage could not be fruitful as desired by my parents. I was undoubtedly adamant to stand the stead of either any appreciation or denunciation given to me by the villagers. Everybody knew that I was a believer in the role of my destiny and they had no option but to tolerate me by any means.

By dint of my natural inclination towards the path of the Divine Order, immediately I took recourse to the practical assertion which I was lagging behind due to my shifting of the place. At midnight again I started going to that Bathing Ghat in order to do Pranayam (a particular process by which the breath is controlled).

It was really the 'mysticism' that would add my passion to see the luminosity of the cosmos. Gradually I felt that my gross consciousness was getting, day by day, transmuted into a mass of fine consciousness. He who has attained this state is really a very fortunate man. When an ascent into this region is established and endured for the maximum period, then, and only then, we may term the Sanyasin as a great ascetic. It was this urge that would enkindle me to the extent.

Calmness within all the spheres of agitation became my first reward, adjustment of anger led me to install the essence of equity in each stress and strain, and finally the reconciliation of my lust enabled me to feel the presence of the Mother in the womanhood. The tinge of 'ego' was thus getting strained off for the final outcome. All the rigorous incarcerations were leading me to a blissful state and my craving for this bliss knew no end in practising all the Yogic exercises I had learnt through the Grace of the Mother.

The daytime could be spent in my small hut either by means of Pujahs or through the scope of foretelling the future of all those coming to see me.

The news of the Mother's influence within me got scattered within the circle where as a boy I had spent my time in the past. Since I had come to this village, I had ceased to go to those places of Calcutta. My well-wishers of the past had called for me. But, it was otherwise with my habit, and hence I had to stall off their request for the time being.

Rather, I started visiting the houses of the interior villages and used to stay with those people with whom the Mother would bid me to do so.

Was it a fact, that, myself being an illiterate by all means I had the only privilege to mix with the villagers who were mostly illiterate? By chanting the hymns or by means of a special type of Pujah that I used to do in their circles they at least saw in me a 'priest cult' for which those simple villagers had a typical attachment.

Nevertheless, meditation means a constant practice within the region of mind. I had that scope all around me and those villagers, being God fearing persons, used to maintain a particular environment so that they might develop calmness and serenity.

Wheresoever I would go I never missed to come back to my own village hut on the New Moon nights with a view to worshipping the Mother at the Burning Ghat.

As a believer, in the existence of a Force which is controlling the whole universe, I had the only desire to transform my all 'self' into a mass of Her Own. I used to cling to this typical attitude all those years and while practising in this path of Yoga I had my eagerness kept alive in the issue that may any all actions become Great, and the tinge of 'ego' get lost in the essence of the Omniscient Being.

Whatsoever, my Yogic exercises used to drag me always within the region of the Supreme core. A typical attitude all over my countenance would influence the villagers. With all their adamantine nature* they extended their desire to accompany me at the Burning Ghat in a New Moon night and had wanted to watch my particular mode of Sadhana.

So long that was my own secret affair, but I could not avert the strong will of my neighbours. All my warning bore no fruit.

The particular Blue Moon night had the great coincidence of the Ratanty Kali Pujah which, in general, falls in the winter in the month of February. Darkness in this particular night is really dreadful and' to think in terms of getting within the region of a Burning Ghat might set in rigours within the heart.

With all my command in me I had wanted them to determine their sheer curiosity but they had tendered their toughness, tooth and nail.

At last they had decided to go to the Burning Ghat with half a dozen of Petromax lights along with a few lathis (sticks). The party comprising of more than 15 headstrong people finally accompanied me that night.

As advised, they remained at a point which was fairly away from me. The Burning Ghat was converted into a place of a festivity with lights flooded on all sides. It was a fact that they had suspended their breath in their heart of hearts. Motionless and expressionless they had been watching my Pujah with all the formalities which I was observing myself.

I was carrying my Pujah, stage after stage and at last that fierceful moment suddenly took everybody over. A few minutes ago even there was not the least

*Late Subal Bhat, Late Nagen Ghosh, Late Tulsi Pal and others of Ramanathpur, Hooghly.

probability of any storm. But, it was a hard gale which started with a groaning sound within the vicinity of the Burning Ghat and took a giant toll in the hearts of all waiting there. Soon the lights were deprived of the glow and gradually very many Petromax lights showed signs of flickering in the mantles.

It was at that time when I had drawn open the blade of a sharp knife with a view to piercing my forearm. By the time I had done my best to sacrifice my own blood at the feet of the Mother, then, forthwith the storm got much more vigorous and turned the Burning Ghat into a pitch dark atmosphere causing enormous fear into the heart of each individual. The terrific note of shrill whistling sound was about to burst the ear drums. The senses within knew no barriers and everybody deserted their group feelings and started running, helter-skelter, with the last hope of remaining alive elsewhere.

With their amazement they found that barely they had crossed the border of the Burning Ghat than the natural atmosphere of the season could be seen all round. Abnormality in the natural breathing made everybody fatigued. When the exasperation in them got reduced to the minimum, they had the first privilege to discuss what they had watched a little ago.

It was darkness everywhere. Once again, unanimously they expressed the desire to light the Petromax and Hurricanes. With the ray of the light spattered over the countenance of all those there, a note of helplessness mingled with an awful fear could be located in the face of all of them. The light had wiped out all the signal of terror and a state of tranquillity was gradually influencing the grim situation.

Valour and heroism are always a matter of a state of complacence; seldom the reality is brought to its basis by a very few workers. It could not be given to the desired shape by those ardent villagers on that occasion. Everybody attaches pride to his egoistic designs, but is not the Nature more powerful to thwart the strength of the mortal man! Yet, so very often all forget this background which is playing mysteriously by remaining ever invisible!

Those people within themselves came to logger-heads and wanted to escape from the pot-hole of the intimidation. They were finally ashamed of their own conduct and did not conceal the act of blasphemy, they had made prominent, by fleeing the place. There was the source of Shakti (Power) for which I had engaged myself to explore with the gracious blessing of The Mother, but the poor villager had misconstrued the actual phenomenon and deplored the advent of the Goddess Mother which was within the immanent.

Although the humble villagers made up their mind once again to get back to the Burning Ghat, yet, they started stammering as and when they reached the border of that dreadful scene of operation. With a deep breath and a magnificent courage they walked within the Burning Ghat. By then, the fierceful dancing of the Mother Kali had stopped and instead, there was prevailing a placid and quiet silence.

To their utter surprise they had found that a great notoriety with all the shades of cruel onslaughts had blown off the very altar which was prepared just a while ago. The trace of my mortal being had vanished from the place. Once again, they were shaken within their nerves, and an abortion of their intellect had made them dumb-found.

Before long a state of unconsciousness might grapple them, they could detect me in a half-dead state with my face stuck within the gully-pit of the pyre in that Burning Ghat. They drew me out of the place and sprinkled over my face the Ganges water that they had brought for the Pujah.

No sooner my consciousness gave vent to the circulation within my body than they had been curious to learn from me the awful mystery behind the incident which had shaken all of them to their finger tips. Actually it was a question of assimilation within our own heart just according to the intrinsic capability. When the emancipation, from the gross state of reality to a most subtle state of consciousness, is attained, it is not unnatural to get lost within the vibration of that state of Bliss-knowledge-Existence.

Who is there to explain the actual taste of sugar? Only by telling others that sugar is sweet shall definitely not clarify the condition. Similarly, the disintegration of 'I' that I had had, was absolutely my own affair and it was beyond my wit to bring those villagers at par with that level.

Just as, by the process of induction, magnetisation is applied within an iron block, so, in the same way this 'self' is transformed into the homogeneity of the Eternal Consciousness.

However, the severe transformation into the subtlety had engrossed me to the fullest extent and my earthly consciousness although was brought down, yet, I was not natural to my own gestures. With a great difficulty I was taken back from that place and all the villagers remained by my side from that time up to a good deal of time in order to see that I was not lost once again within that mysterious fold.

The Gracious Mother had chosen me as Her tool to display within me so many typical manifestations for at least three decades. I used to have very many commands so long only in my dreams. But, it became altogether a different occurrence during the time of performing my Pujah in that New Moon night. The Mother had appeared to me with all the Heavenly Jyoti (luminosity) seeing which I was struck dumbfound within my core and a supernatural phenomenon instead had caught me briskly with a view to destroying my 'ego.'

Time and space intermingled into an incomprehensible state of infinite Creative Force. It is only the Divine manifestation that is ever pervading within this universe and the same is devoid of the proper realisation because the crust or Maya (illusion) has tendered its reciprocity to the working figureheads according to their akinness towards the Divinity or the superconscious statehood.

Being devoid of the superconsciousness within our feelings, we have formed a state of petrification in our own originality. Actually I am constrained to assert, that, that is why, our deification to any deity has reached simply a state where we look into it as no better than a mere on-looker from the respective religion of view. The saints of every religion had the arduous feelings for this superconscious state and by virtue of being non-egoistic in their own individual 'self' they could derive the Gracious Being within their core of the heart.

The Truth is always the same deduced in different ages by different seekers of any caste and creed and community. He who has realised the Omnipotent became ONE within the Lord and all his knowledge had the only fusion in the Omniscient, with the result, that, he could score the attitude of seeing sameness in the mass of the humanity, as well as could learn to read the pages of the human heart—nay, the pages of the Universe—with the twinkling of an eye.

For months together I was completely out of nay individual sense. Question of meditation and the mode of performing the Pujah (worshipping) lost all its severity from within my urge. I had succeeded in the terrible trials and instead had all uncommonness in my common form.

How best this unique state is to be explained has always remained as a problem in the form of a great riddle. This much can be said, that, if we wish to store a little Ganges water in a bowl, then, in course of time the same may get dried up. But if instead we dip the bowl in the Ganges itself, then, the chances of evaporation shall never be pronounced.

The fusion by means of this supernatural phenomenon exactly acts in a man likewise a bowl is kept immersed in the ever-flowing water of the Ganges. The meditation is required through the varied processes of Yogic exercise so long as the obscurity in the path is not cleared, or the projection of the 'self' is not adjusted with the Inner Self. Once this is attained, then the Siddhi (final state of intersection of the 'self' with the soul) is determined ultimately.

Howsoever, all my Pujah had lost all the formalities. I was within the spirit of the Mother with all super-consciousness.

It is actually the environment which leads always to the prescribed path for which that particular environment is super-imposed from the very inception. A golden ring is embedded with a jewel. Both are required to hold the other. For anything that is precious will have to be retained by another means which is definitely valuable.

Similarly, we may treat idealism as a jewel piece and the idea as a golden ring. My idealism in that case was the Goddess Mother, and the idea, in turn, was like a substance composed of certain virtues being known as truthfulness, chastity or celibacy, patience, devotion and a note to surrender to 'self'.

All the maladies with which we are confronted can be averted only when we have the above qualities harmoniously set within. In time of misery or at the time of happiness we must stick to the issues as the only means to form a cult for the attainment of the idealism. There should not be the readiness to acquire the novelties of changes every now and then.

A python within its constitution is hefty and lengthy. Nevertheless, it has the prowess to glide at ease with a terrific speed. When hungry it never fritters away from its own fold; rather, it waits patiently for its prey and all the time exerts its own phenomenon with a view to setting up within its belly a vigorous state of vacuum and thereby sucks within a range of half a mile from its own point. The place at its front gets the effect of pulling likewise a powerful magnet and even at that particular moment the eyes resemble the effect of a magnet with the result that whichever falls within the jurisdiction becomes forgetful of the next matter of incidence and is dragged within its fearful jaws. With a great devotion, as if, it had to undermine all the fickleness of its mind and waits patiently on its prey which might be termed as a note of surrender, too, within that restricted fold of its becoming a python.

Similarly, human beings from the functional point of view is tended within an environment from the very birth. In course of time the individual is developed according to that particular mode within which he or she had to come across.

A good phenomenon is justified only when the conduct is tinged with the ratio of the activities concerning the category of the consciousness. But, a bad phenomenon being devilish will adhere to the state of beasts that is seen in the animal world.

The proverb says – "Within the company of the great man, one can reach the region of the heaven; while the reverse, that is hell, is received through the scope of leaning against the mentality of the perverted beings."

Whatsoever, I had only an environment covering the cult of devotion and truthfulness from my very childhood days. Only the aspect of celibacy grew in my mind due to a natural inclination towards the mysterious fold. In this way I had certain other merits,—the foremost being a note to 'self' surrender,—developed due to my akinness to the region of my destiny.

The severe type of formalities which I used to adhere to by means of a phased Sadhana got knocked off from my mental region. I was apathetic to my paying visits to the houses of the villagers. I was stuck up within the yard of my small hut.

But, this could not be prolonged to my will. I was given a bid to take up my old process in the form of paying visits to different villages nearby and afar from my hut. The wonder of wonders, this time was, that, it was the spirit of the Lord Sree Ramakrishna who had then ordained that sort of old activity.

However, I had got Sree Ramakrishna in my fold from know on. So far, I had not felt the presence of any dead person so very vividly as I had had concerning Him. Undoubtedly I could understand that the design at the background would lead me to fulfill certain missions in the distant future.

Silently with my head bent down I accepted the proposal and became alert to that profound call. Actually I had noticed that all my saying to the villagers became on the verge of becoming true to the extent.

My very presence would stir commotion in the mind of the villagers. None would have any shyness in extending his corroboration to my sound conviction. I had the greatest forces working with me, and that way I would roam from one village to the other.

DEATH OF MY PARENTS

From the day of that incident concerning my marriage, I had covered a span of 3 years approximately within which period I had restrained from visiting my parents of Orissa. Once again I had a message served on me from my house. I was asked to get back immediately to my house because the health of my father had started deteriorating for the worst.

Question of happiness was far too away. The call from my parents had really cast melancholia in my mind. I had forgotten all other problems and had wanted to surrender to the note of discrimination of my father.

Money in my hand was never a normal affair. What a brisk measure I had to set in! For a good deal of period I had tried my best to stand by the side of the ill-fated people of so many villages. News were circulated that I might start for Orissa, which means, a matter of being in sojourn in my own home front. With certain collections in my pocket, I finally left for my own house.

Life is but a series of misery. As a mass of gold is placed within the bed of fire in order to free it from other impurities, so, misery is the only test for making a life worthy for the Feet of the Lord. All through my life I am wedded to misery only. As the sole duty of the mother is to placate the sorrow by dint of her sweetest tinges, similarly my misery, in stage after stage, has led me to a path where adjustment in each issue could become the only criterion.

On reaching home I could notice that the life of my father was gradually getting strained off from his core. Weak in his constitution, with an overall pale shade on his countenance, he had the least scope to tell me, in details, all about his last desires. Nevertheless, I tendered my readiness to shoulder the tough responsibilities. I am happy that I had my father's blessings although as a son I had always upset all his designs.

After my father died I was relieved from all the domestic barriers by the great Goddess Mother. She called me out, once again, from the four walls of the house, and posted me within a tumultuous stormy field where I had no control but to surrender to the effects patiently.

For more than a month I roamed as a beggar in the villages and towns of South India.

Finally, one day, exhausted in mind and slim in body, I reached my hut at Ramanathpur village.

It was at this time for a certain period I had to came to Calcutta under pressure from those old well-wishers, who, of late, used to send me messages in the form of deep requests.

I was no longer a boy who used to be looked down upon as an object of pity by them. Miracles are always accidental. Waves of miracles have brought omens consisting of, either good, or evil, to the lives of human beings. Nobody knows when the change would occur and make a history behind a man's career.

The ups and downs in the society have marked with a series of stupendous distinctions. Where it has gone up for the better side, there it has established a grand set of 'ethics' for all the days to come. And, when the downfall has been the rock-bottom, then, that path of tragedy has been forewarned as erroneous.

But, who follows these doctrines while cultivating the ambitions of life! Environment is created in a society for the sake of dignified standard of life. There, Ethics, as Truth, have been the guiding factors. Instead a spirit of group feelings has always played its role for the sake of finding pleasures and finally camouflaged the doctrines of ethics.

Hardly the career is built up than the ambitions and missions for a life are doomed. It is not that the group feelings is crushed; rather, the individuals are eliminated due to lack of consciousness.

As a life grows up, it is felt, that, this life is bestowed upon with wings to hop over. If a grasshopper is judged as a bird, because of its having thin pair of wings, then, will it actually ever be able to fly like a bird?

So, the upheavals come upon us so very often and the distortions thus caused always overpowers us in order to make us think miserable for the headway towards the next course.

Of course, there is one way to fight these malignant odds and other adversaries. Just as a normal body is not immuned from attacks of fevers and diseases even although we might have prophylactics to check all these ailments, similarly, there may be enough occasions when all our guiding phenomenons in the form of ethics, might be of no avail. As a disease gets in a normal body, so, a man's career may get cloudy at times. There are seasonal changes one after another which means, that, perpetuation of a scope is not the law of the Universe.

So, in that light it was seen, that, some of the well-wishers were having the reverse state in their business career. As it was trumpeted in their circle that, I was in possession of certain powers, they had urged me to do something for them.

What I had done for them was really a matter of surprise. Dharma or Truth was my basic cult with which I had wanted to adhere to. As and where I was sought of my presence I did my best to remain by their side. In course of time, on very many occasions, their shattered nerves could be infused with strength and belief for the next drive.

It was a fact that in my first life, in this city, these people used to tease me to their heart's content, as well as, had sympathised me for my abnormally poor state. During all my down-trodden state really they had not felt shy to put the premium of coppers as alms.

Seeing me, in their midst, in the Sanyasin's order, they did not feel awkward to stretch them down at my feet. I was given the recognition of a top-ranking Tantrika (the order of a statehood towards the Superman type). Forthwith I was accepted by two* men as their Guru (Spiritual Master). Actually they had initiation from me, and as yet after a period of thirty years from that day I am their acclaimed Guru (preceptor) to their whole family.

However, all my consolation to them bore the effect for the even order in their career. In course of time all their bygone days' attitude which used to be cursory, finally had changed, in a phased way, into a formidable reverence.

As destined, I had to remain in the Ganges Ghat for years together. On one side while I was having my training in the Secret World by the Goddess Mother all along

* Sree Buddhi nath Manna of Keshabpur, Honvrah and Sree Prasad Majhi of Kuldanga, Howrah.

during my dreams, then, in another fold I became fortunate as to meeting so many people of different grades on the bank of the Ganges who, in turn, gave me the scope to hear their discourses on matters concerning religion and its aspects. All the time during my intercourse with them whatsoever I would hear would become likewise jewels getting clustered on a single thread.

I had my wholehearted regards for those who were in the region of Bhakti (devotion). There I did not draw any line of contrast between a Sanyasin and a Grihi Bhakta (devotee either married or bachelor in the domestic fold).

Definitely I had my choice intensified as and when I came in touch of Sri Sri Tara Sadhu. Tara Sadhu was undoubtedly a great man in Sanyasin's order. Although he had his wife, yet, he was never devoid of the virtue to be seen in a real Sanyasin. Both of them were wedded to Brahmaharyam (celibacy) and both had stuck to the same cult up to their last breath.

However, he had the greatest inclination towards me and vice versa. Life in them seemed to be full of divinity; so my attraction for them knew no bounds.

His disciples and scores of other Bhaktas (devotees) had their love stretched to me. It was a matter of surprise when one of the most favourite disciples of Tara Sadhu was duly advised that his wife¹ would get initiation from me. Finally I had to become her Guru in due course.

However, I had my track of life stretched in many directions. Aimlessly I used to move here and there. Although it was a fact that I had dedicated my all to the Feet of the Lord, yet, I had to seek His command, every off and on, by means of a flower placed on the Salagram Sila* which my father gave me just before his death. I could know that all I would take up as his command if the same flower glides down straight. As to my own movement from one place to another I would not spare any pains to perform the process every time. So, my movement would be taken up for granted only when a flower painted with sandal paste, would fall flown from the head of the Salagram Sila in an easy way which had meant that the Grace of the Lord was there for my change of place for the time being.

Even in getting the exact significance behind the background of any hazardous and complex problems that I might face, I used to follow the serene task. Any good or bad omen could be surveyed by means of this particular process. May it not be misconstrued that as because I had adhered to this type of an experiment, so, I had ceased to act on my own intuition.

To place a flower on the Salagram Sila and to see the flower falling down from the head of the same can never mean any tangible outcome for any incident in the offing. As I had all my guidance through a most queer way, so, I could realise that this process will only enable me to ascertain the significance of any that is either good or bad.

Once a man has his installations of electricity established in his house, then, there must be the switches to utilise this electricity at will. By a switch we may operate a fan or a light or even an Electric Heater. It is the same electricity that is flowing through the cables; simply the device only helps us in getting the various systems in the working

¹ Wife of Sree Pranab Kumar Mukherjee of Parasar Road, Calcutta.

* A special type of a Black Stone Which is accepted as the symbol of the Lord Narayana.

order. Similarly, it is the same essence of the Force which is acting within all according to the respective quality it has within. He who has attained the ingenuity to operate his heart by means of this celestial process shall always have the scope to focus his touch within the inmost core of, either any living, or non-living object.

It was just before the death of my father, I was advised by him, that, I must not forget to mutter the name of The Lord Rama, because this name of epic fame had enlightened our ancestors for years together. Although I have been a blessed being in our family and by the Grace of Goddess Kali I have got Her as my all in all, yet, there must not be any repudiation from my side to cling to Rama and Krishna.

Only to create that type of family cult, my father, in his death bed, gave me a Salagram Sila with all the formalities to observe the Pujah. So, I had to tune up my temperament that way also.

In our home language Sadhana means nothing but asking in a most familiar way. The connotation in the word "Sadhana" if splitted, then, it becomes "Sadh-Na" which really leads us to think in terms likewise we do always unfold our desires with the expectation of getting a thing from our very nearest and dearest persons.

So, it is never a type of begging neither it is a means to gain something out of forcible attitude. Obviously, this type of approach is very forceful having all the indications at the background being only the means to win the heart in turn.

The parents give away all to their children, the wife forgets her own self and stretches herself for the heart of her husband and vice-versa, the husband loosens his fists to see the smiling face of his wife; while a friend surrenders his treasure to get by his side a stranger as his inmost companion. All these bonds are established in our society, so, is the bond developed in the animal world. And it is absurd to think that there is somebody who is more powerful than us all and is having his designs performed at His will! Is He not the only all in all, and He, being the creator of all of us, is our sole beloved! He who has the feelings this way will have the proper virtue to infuse his call in the interior of his own heart. Once this relation is established by any man, there is no alternative for his 'heart within' to turn a deaf ear.

The being within my heart has all along given his bid to understand the implications of these varied relations in the bond of life. All my enquiries were fulfilled with due precepts and examples.

Nevertheless, as the Lord Sree Sree Ramkrishna had ordered me, so, I did not falter in running from door to door. Careless I had been although concerning my own attitude to life, yet, carelessness never was rampant in my daily rounds. The eagerness that I had in me gradually gave me the scope for the greatest intensification of my aptitude for more grains of knowledge.

As I was gaining intimacy amongst the strangers, so, I was deriving series of lessons comprising of enough diversities within the characteristics of human beings.

No two people are having resemblances in their earthly life and activities. Indifference in the respective span of life has been absolutely a matter of contrast and criticism. Every individual is endowed with his own typical attitude. Intimacy knocks off the wall of secrecy and hence I could determine enormous characteristics of those I came across.

My Yoga Vidya (aptitude for the cult of knowing the mind) instantaneously enabled me to form an opinion for the man or the woman in my front.

With due deference the villagers used to accommodate me. With the very entrance in a house they used to wash my feet and offered me fruits and sweets. Boundless regards and countless obeisances all through their contact with me were the only outcome. In return so little was my power to help alleviate them in their dire distress. Yet, I was not ignored, neither their belief in me got slackened.

It was hardly four months after the death of my father I had to get ready for my next visit to my house at Orissa. I could feel within my heart the call of my mother which was fast getting emaciated and run down in health.

Without any further delay I made up my mind to start for my house and that I did at the quickest possible time.

Reaching the house I found my premonition was really a timely warning. If I were not there on the verge of her last journey, I would have suffered the greatest blow and possibly that stroke would have shut my sense of benevolence and consciousness of affection and compassion.

Who were there than my mother who gave me a body of highest purity and a mind as lofty as the Himalayas? It was my mother who had shown me, that, pleasure in a life is not achieved even when miseries and sufferings have laid down deeply the spectres of horror within the abode of a domestic house. It was she, again, who had taught me benevolence and forbearance by her wide heart and divine spirit.

But, my days to remain by her side were numbered. Day by day she was approaching the Gateway to Death with the result that we were getting embarrassed.

She had advised me to face all obstacles even if death becomes the only reward for sticking to Truth. Falsehood leads a man to an unscrupulous atmosphere, where, day in and day out, a man rehearses on false pretensions.

I had learnt from the demonstrations which she used to exhibit to us, on all occasions, that, the state of penance is the only way to calm down the arrogance of a mind. A pure mind has its access into the region of the divine world. It is only by being patient one can gain clear perception because this is the only requisite qualification to realize the inner 'self'.

The situation within our house was getting worse due to the fact that we would be devoid of our only prop, our mother, within shortest possible period. The condition of our ailing mother, at last, became serious, and she breathed her last keeping us immersed in an ocean of sorrow.

Days passed by in its own order. I had my destiny working according to its plan, and It dashed me out once again from our small house into the bigger space of the world.

My only younger brother had disturbed my feelings and stressed upon me his pathetic state of affairs. I had no other solution other than giving him my assurance of remaining by his side under all his stress and strain. His Children were my only cause of anxiety and the embarrassing pull from their heart had actually stood against my feeling the house and it had impeded my journey to the path of The Unknown.

A Sanyasin is a man of flesh and blood. He has to be a Truth Seeker. But, is it a fact, that, he should be void of sweet temperament and forge in him unkind attitude and blunt philosophy of life? He has to forget his own 'self'; but, for the sake of what mode of life he has to upkeep his spirit! Should he not embrace every living creature on this earth as his own part and parcel?

Where is the way of getting peace if only Sanyasin's career undermines all the relations of the worldly life and clutches the course of a typical skepticism? I had all these knotty problems after I had the yardstick of realizations of the Mother.

By sheer thinking one simply gets submerged in the pool of melancholia and grim despondence.

Being a Paribrajaka (i.e. one who renounces the worldly life and runs on foot from place to place) I had no definite aim and scope for the life of any family man. I was somewhat like a stranger in any sphere. Yet, by virtue of being a Yogin or a Sanyasin I was to adopt the Cult of Prem (love), so that, wheresoever I stay I might gain love. It can never mean that my intimacy would urge on any mean footing in order to have any subsidy for my brother or even for any other nearest and dearest soul!

Self surrender to the Feet of the Lord is my only vow. I did not count upon any selfish outlook for the condition of my brother's family. As a man would console his nearest relatives, so, did I promise to do the needful in time of their actual need.

After that only I could get myself away from the pitiful state and took my journey for Calcutta.

It was from that time for months together I was not searched by my brother. Rather, I reached my house at Orissa just before the Durga Puja with a view to keeping my own word of honour which I had to commit to my father on his request.

Since then, every year, for a period of more than 28 years at a stretch, I have been following this system once a year and have stayed there every time for a period of a fortnight only.

And, it was a fact that, every year the requirement for the requisites for the Pujah in the shape of money had never fallen short of. I would accept that much only that would enable me to perform the Pujah in a befitting manner and the rest I would forsake on the tip of their nose.

Ah! the materials used to be consumed for the performance of the great task and the amount of money, being always a paltry sum I used to give those to my brother. That was all that I could do for him!

However, I have never been my own master. A kite I am in the Hands of my Goddess Mother. She kept me whirling with all the soundness in my body and purity in the core of my heart.

As a scavenger sweeps the road, so, I was engaged to sweep the yard of any domestic environment I had known or came to know through introduction.

WORK AND ACTION

"The flow of Para Vidya (the cult of becoming learned in the Eternal Knowledge) had been my only essence for which I became beloved to all those people. With rapt attention they would hear me, with all keenness they would stick to me, season in and season out, and lastly, they would, with all eagerness, try to follow my precepts, so that, an atmosphere of a sacred state could prevail within their daily activities.

My Lord, ceaselessly, carried me over from place to place. As I had the scope to see the manifestations of the Creator in the stature of those villagers, so, also, I had the greatest handicap concerning taking my meals. Seldom I had the occasion to having cooked rice in their houses. Instead I used to quench my hunger by means of certain food-stuff other than cereals. Of course, there would have been certain devotees who always would give me cereals to be cooked by my own hands.

In those times I had the least desire to cook the food. I feel it a sordid task to exert my body and mind to get any morsel of rice and a little curry.

Unfed to the extent and ill-clad on the verge of nakedness could never stir my feelings with any sense of arrogance. The Mother had taught me her hidden virtues due to Her will. This was my only treasure which She gave me at a time when I was fully ignorant of the worldly life. It was my poverty which really became my only source to acquire the Truth. So, if ever there takes place any otherwise designs in the leading of my life, then, with all frankness I should admit that those designs would definitely confiscate my sound virtues.

Within the atmosphere of straitened conditions and stringency in the background of my first life I became the recipient of the caressing touch of the Mother. That's why money and food could not deter me from my attitude towards the noble life. The more I threw aside these two inevitable requirements and the more I had curtailed my demands, the more I was counted upon by the villagers as their only well-wisher.

To perform Pujah in a noble manner was my only desire. I made it a point to burn ghee for performing the 'Homa' Pujah at least once throughout a day long. The significance is that I had never been thwarted in this stupendous task. Only a little while ago of performing this Pujah I had never been able even up to this moment, to locate the house of my cause. But, whatever would happen it had happened all for the best.

It was a fact, that, I had to cover miles after miles on feet, in order to get that sacred house in my sight. Either the day would merge in the darkness of the night, or the night would hold only a very little time to be swept away by the blazoning of the dawn, I had always been fortunate to get at least a devotee who would assist me in my Pujah. Again on the following day I would leave.

If utensils are not washed then fungus would grow on the surface. Similarly, just like the current in a river the Sanyasin must roam helter and skelter.

The Mother of the Universe has woven Her creation likewise a spider's web. She remains at the central position spreading Her web to a bigger space and on Her own will again she either casts the web to a farther greater span or consumes the web within Her self. Maya or (illusion) has been the only essence in Her mode of creation. This means that this essence has gone within the heart of Her beings. But, we do not care to

understand that we are consumed by the Force of the Universe likewise any pest is consumed by a spider if it is trapped by the web.

Illusion is the only phenomenon in this cosmos. As an insect acquits itself, at times, from the greatest pot-hole by means of its sound constitution and tough attitude, similarly, a human being can get rid of this illusion if and when the being is tinged by a mind full of devotion and the surrendering attitude to the Feet of the Mother. In that case this type of being sees in every other object his own resemblance, and hence serves the humanity wholeheartedly by the blood of his breast. The "ego" is disintegrated to the dust. Everywhere the part and parcel of his "ego" is blended with the supernatural. So, the spider in the wheel of illusion understands the feelings of such a being and makes him free (Jivan Mukta) from the bondage of birth.

The cycles of operation, in the formation of Karma (work and actions) during our own life speaks all about the actual characteristics. The magnitude of work and action in any life is undoubtedly unfathomable and difficult to justify. Yet, amidst our activities there seems always something perceptible bearing either good or evil phenomenon. That is why we can easily pass our remarks concerning any individual. Remarks have been scathing and raucous as and when there has been ignominious under-taking by any being. Similarly, a good deal of appreciation has always poured out of our lips when the magnanimity of the men concerned has been the only achievement.

Thus, we classify the tendency of any being according to the respective deeds one would perform. That is, the proverb goes—habit is the second nature. And, from the particular out-look which one might exhibit as his natural gift becomes an underlying truth. Where the virtue has been vivacious there it shows that reciprocity of the conscience has gone up, proportionately, with the same soundness and sweet imposition.

A conscience has always been remarkable only when the doer is not provoked by any arrogance and vindictive attitude. There the conscientious man always tries to adjust within all adversities which means, that, the "ego" is disintegrated to the dust.

The cycle of operation, known as Death, is the single fun for any object. What is Death? That is the only question which is lurking within the mind. It is an age-long search for which the First man on this earth had stripped his mind to his last day. Up to this moment the curiosity that had stirred the mind of the First man is ringing with the same severity and has not ceased to work within the heart of the present day beings.

Actions are aggravated with reactions. Every work is judged by its merit. As and where the merit of any individual has shown outstanding brilliance there it has been commended to exceedingly.

Merit is established every moment in the field of this man-made society. But, there are certain factors which we never count upon; rather, we are victims to these perpetual changes. This single law holds good for both animate and non-animate objects.

From the very start of the neo-natal stage for any being it is seen, that, 4 different stages crop up simultaneously. That is, the first stage being childhood is taken over by the youthful stage and this second colossal part of the life moves on towards maturity which sets in at our later life. Finally, this maturity is consumed by the old age which is the fourth order of merit for any life.

In a man-made society only the best are counted upon and appreciated with certain rewards. We never see any partiality in the Law of the Universe. After one covers

up the four consecutive stages, then, the end is rewarded by a single common form, known as Death.

So, death is the inevitable law for any object that we see throughout our own life. The personal gain, within the span of the life shall exist so long the next best is not found out. With the time factor again, the merit or skill of a being is transformed to the dust.

Really, we have been ambitious for an over-all achievement in which all that is earthly will be embedded. We forget that whatsoever we shall possess by dint of our wisdom will have to be left at the beck and call of the Death. If this is the only outcome of a life-long struggle, then, should we bid a halt to our working spirit and stay aside?

For this question the answer has to be woven. We live in a society which has developed as we see now. Only a man's life is not the sole issue on this earth. There is the woman by the side also. Romanticism within the both has been the common factor. The well lingered span of a life is found to flow within the bond of marriage. The effect, in almost all occasions, is there. That is, sons and daughters are born.

In a developed society the requisite issues, confronting the aspects for every day amenities, grow on. It is a fact that the standard of living in each age had been best for that moment. In the passing state the picture in a society has been either wiped out, or has gone into another transformation.

While a life as embodied then the question of maintenance has to be counted upon. This means, that, the fighter has to exert his ability to the greatest extent. Difficulties in each step are very many. Somewhere these become unsurmountable. Always the end has to be acquired by means of certain exchange. Money or other treasures have been the only agent to give us a scope to lead a life there in the fierceful realities.

Obviously, the question of a treasure has built the basic criterion for a smooth life. On top of everything there is Death which peeps in without giving any warning. Life being transient everybody thinks, so very often, of amassing a treasure for their respective posterity.

But, how many amongst us has been active in corroboration with the virtues that are within each and every individual? Selfish out-look has made us a specie of our own. There we are infallible to practise our own mode of attitude; which means we are lost, times without number, in inventing the means in order to get the flow in our family life. Hardly the ways are found out than exhaustion creeps in the mind of a good deal of fighters where so many finally has to step down.

Nevertheless, we must reconcile all the inconsistencies and incongruities in a way which shall not deviate our conscience towards an egoistic state. Every life has to become remarkable, - if not in this birth, then surely in course of next, and the next, and so on.

That life which is besmeared with the scum of a hellish state will ultimately regain consciousness for a clean deal in his or her own span of life. It is not unnatural to think in terms that the present state of affairs in the life of any individual has been a matter of struggle.

As a matter of fact, struggling for achieving the goal has always been extraordinary. The same work may have to be conducted by another person with much more zeal and tough attitude. Actually, the ratio of force that is applied, or the type of application of the brain power that is set in, for getting the due result has differed always.

There is no standardised criterion to perform any work. We notice always that a man of no education at his back has got more power within him to enchant people at his front. Probably, he describes something with a good deal of mistakes in grammar, as well as his sayings with the least of vocabularies. Another man, having degrees and diplomas, when extended his desire to tell something on the same issue could not captivate the heart of the hearers.

This we see so very often. What it is then which subdues the ratio of this so-called knowledge! Definitely, there is something hidden in certain persons. Either it may be personality, or personality-cum-intuition has been the vital force.

He who is endowed with this gift will play the role in a supreme way. The action will be more forceful only when the quality within is more consolidated.

However, it might be deduced that we are engrossed in our own field of operation due to innumerable adversaries. Life itself within the cage of our body is struggling tooth and nail, to fight the malignant diseases. Actually, a body survives to its last only due to a stamina known as immunity. The more is the immunity within our body to resist the awful diseases, the more is the soundness for a big span of life.

The only word immunity is the real vital force to keep the constitution in a body ever active for a more prolonged career throughout the span of a life. Similarly our activities in our life will give us a peaceful recess if only we do not cling to a state of irrationality. As a matter of fact, irrationality grows due to the influence of instinct. And instinct is essentially a phenomenon for the beasts.

Beasts cannot talk neither has the power to understand any reasons in their daily life. Rather, prowess is their only means to exert superiority over other beasts. So, it is absurd to think of any rationality in their attitude.

Although rationality is the foremost quality in the human beings, yet it is found that human beings are mostly inclined towards certain irrational phenomenons being absolutely in the category of instinctive. So very often we are influenced by anger, lust or bitterness. Where we should have observed silence in order to avoid further clash, with anybody, while in dispute, there, we had exerted tenacity and adamant out-look for an everlasting rivalry. Then, where is the merit of having our birth as human beings? Nevertheless, we are ultimately in and out a rational being. That is, a dispute is impeded with an ulterior motive for peace. Actually peace sets in rapidly in the midst of dispute if and when one of the either parts would forego the irrational attitude to a greater extent.

Patience and forbearance are the most active agents in the life of human beings for the cult towards rationality. These two merits are the only weapons to fight the instinct within us with a view to acquiring good habits. By dint of practice only, the good qualities like love, affection, charity and hospitality are inculcated. It is easier to land a slur or a slap against an attack; but, it is really hard to swallow, head-foremost, all the stings of the opponent at the cost of surrendering the other cheek on the tip of being beaten.

Rationality means equilibrium of mind. Mind is like loose mustard seeds which are so very small grains. Mustard seeds packed in a bag is undoubtedly a matter of relief. But if these mustard seeds get scattered on the ground, it is a hellish task to pick up these oily grains which often slip out of the clutch. Similarly, human mind is exactly like mustard seeds scattered in the region of our heterogeneous senses.

In general the sense in the human beings are rough. As we till a speck of land perfectly to the requisite extent, similarly, by means of a series of practice we transform rough senses into finer states.

One shall be able to thrive in the matter concerning formation of sharp senses only when the consciousness is active, as well as the bid to become conscious is spontaneous. By sheer practising only a man can bring about equilibrium of mind. It has been always noticed in the life history of the great that the more the being is rational the less is the "ego". And, in such persons only two things are prominent. That is, personality and intuition are two phenomenons working hand in them.

Of course, these two merits are developed as gifts ultimately. Personality focuses external potency over the countenance and intuition focuses internal divinity within the core of the heart.

To get hold of a state of equilibrium one must reconcile his earthly egoistic views and eliminate the "self" which is tinged with instinctive factors.

As a matter of fact, I am a fortunate being. The great Mother has very kindly given me the scope to realise the intricacies concerning the established Truths.

I had enormous somersaults and these tumultuous onslaughts never broke within my heart any note of sigh. Despondent although I had been at times yet, marvelously the Blessed Mother spoke within me all the utility of those awful setbacks and consoled me every time for a more brighter culmination.

There I have understood that the more we are selfless and attached to performing benevolent deeds on the name of the Mother, then, only our work and action (Karma) will have more eloquence over Death.

Our work and actions are interlinked with very many desires. Once the "self" is triumphed, then, the state or desires will be likewise taking off the petals of an onion. When the petals of an onion is scaled off, then, it is seen that the last petal gave away giving no seed in our hand.

Death will have no hold over that life which has attained perfection in the sense and the desires will be eliminated while harnessing the work and action throughout the whole span of life. To work is the only right and as regards the effect we have no right to weave any design within our heart.

Thus when the personal is transformed into the Impersonal, then, the liberty to become likewise an onion is established. Here, every petal of work and action being void of any desire will have no scope to undergo any active change and hence each petal of work and action will remain in a passive state, and when the final and the last work of this type of being will be operated will cover up the final passive action which definitely is an Impersonal mass.

That means the soul being a part and parcel of the Omnipotent Being will get blended with It, and the badge of work and action of the "self" will confiscate the scope of having any rebirth.

DEVOTION

"Devotion is the primary cult that the human beings undertook with the very dawn of consciousness within the heart. Mind clings to the learning of various episodes which finally lead us to the fulfillment of developing the career. Ambition undoubtedly conflagrates the mind to explore into the region of the unknown faculties. There we get the key which is known as eagerness in order to detonate our ambition for final victory.

But, this detonation of the mind is seldom spontaneous. That is, our eagerness is never tuned up constantly. Always it is fluctuating due to the fact that human beings are having counter blows in their individual working centre. Once the conducive atmosphere is secured due to our emotional outlook, then, at the very moment certain set-backs break us into pieces.

We lose the vigour for onward journey. Instead we retrace our path and even get below the state of the incipient stage of the eagerness with which we had first started our mission.

Unless the stages are covered up systematically and hindrances are overcome, there is no way to keep the devotion working within.

Because, ambition working under the influence of eagerness, so every often gets distracted due to very many aspects, so, it is really hard to keep the flag of eagerness, for a particular ambition, flying. By being a devotee only we may, to a certain extent, operate our mind.

A devotee in general is he who has tendered his desires to be supplemented by means of a surrendering attitude. While doing this task he may have to remain life long a man clinging to his perseverance and intuition. That is, our eagerness to remain attached to consciousness must be our sole object. While in this state, it is not unnatural to face so many varied affairs within the fold of our domestic causes.

Human beings are endowed with the only one weapon which is known as "consciousness." With the very growth of a child this consciousness also shapes into an active operative phenomenon. Environment is the main source in order to elongate the growth of the consciousness. So, consciousness is tended by the respective orders what we see in the lives of different people. Being mostly liable to the fold of the environment one is aptly initiated by the working figure-heads from the very state of childhood. Naturally, consciousness is dawning in the heart at par with the respective family cult. It is more a training imparted by means of induction. Also, it is really difficult to establish this virtue.

However, I had noticed as a boy in my teens that my parents were benevolent and God-fearing in their every attitude to the sustenance of life. Our house had the good reputation even on tip of misery and suffering. We had never bothered to earn any living by hook or by crook.

So, during my sojourn, as a boy, I had preferred to observe silence and starvation amidst my innumerable trials and sufferings. I had my eagerness fired by a series of optimistic emotion. Always I had to cling to the attitude of my environment that I had seen prevailing within our small house. Being God-fearing, by all means, I had all along dissociated myself from the fold of my activity leading to the region of calumny.

That is, any way or other I had learnt to surrender myself at the altar of The Lord. Gradually, the phases, covering the trials made me tough as well as honest.

In this way I could cross the final hurdle comprising of the different aspects of devotion. The Goddess Mother manifested Her overall influence in all the complexities with which I came across.

She is the only Mother of the Universe. In Her only lies all the Forces of the cosmos. It is Her sole desire to manifest Her Force in all the living and non-living objects. Her manifold disintegration into endless combinations, both in the sphere of form and formless, shall not confiscate Her wholesome Energy.

Life and Death are but Her two forms. In life if she has disintegrated Her Force in the multifarious typical different forms, then, in the next moment She integrates Her lost Force by giving Death to Her created objects.

Permutation and combination are the only diversities in all spheres of our known and unknown planes. Yet, out of these constant changes She is united by Her Own Eternal Process.

We are stunned to watch the brain power of the Great men in our front. We are apt to appreciate the ingenuity of such men. But, we are indifferent to assess the Nature's enormous creative resources. The way She operates Her essence at the background of Her manifold creation is, as yet—since time immemorial—a secret.

We get blind in front of a candle emitting light of a higher intensification. The morning sun which soothes our eyes and mind radiates scorching rays in the noon, and in that occasion it is never a pleasant object. Also, the sun in the noon looks so very small in size. Is it absurd to think then that the Mother of the Universe remaining invisible will be unfathomable luminous?

She is endless, infinite, with all Her Jyoti (luminosity). We are amazed to see the powers in certain men and women. What is the extra power that ignites the stature of these beings and enables them to focus their personality over their countenance?

Have we not noticed that the proportion of the power-ratio has differed in comparison to the next genius? Either one becomes great or the other is greater or the next one is much greater and greatest and so on. Nowhere the power in a human being has reached the culmination. It has always been relative and every next moment, we find, that there was a gap in the accession of more vigorous thoughts to be filled up by another thinker.

So, we may surmise that it is not possible for any human being to get hold the whole Energy in his own miniature constitution. It is a fact too, that, a small receptacle cannot contain all the water of the ocean.

The Lord has hidden all the qualities by His own process. Only the thinker of a particular line, by means of his eagerness explores into that region and pulls out the thread for his guidance. Here this particular eagerness works in the form of wisdom and the Lord sanctions His favour to the seeker of that particular line.

Actually, the devotees in the guise of ascetics are void of any earthly desires. They surrender their desire at the Feet of the Lord and remain prayerful to get the only Omnipotent which is also Omniscient. The Sanyasin (ascetic) also enkindles his all eagerness to get the touch of Lord.

Every action transforms into something that is undoubtedly new. So, eagerness finally sharpens consciousness and elevates the merit of consciousness to a greater extent. Truth-seekers dealing with different aspects will have the scope to form in their

consciousness respective affinity for the object. The Sanyasin definitely aspires for the Lord and his devotion in the form of eagerness will enable him to get the Lord of the Universe.

That is, who is for what? A truth-seeker in the line of discovery or invention is trying to bring out the secrets concerning the basic laws of the Force. But, a Sanyasin is after "Him" who is the possessor of all the Laws of the Force.

Who is fortunate? The man who gets the treasure or the man who secures the owner of the treasure as his most intimate? Obviously, the latter is fortunate as well as more powerful than the former.

Nevertheless, the process to explore into the region of consciousness is always the same. The Lord and His treasure are both opulent objects glittering with luminosity. Every heart is having a mirror known as consciousness. The majority amongst us are having this mirror absolutely veiled by ignorance. Eagerness in the form of devotion is the only weapon to lift the veil of this mirror.

The devotional attitude is all for the best. That is, perfect concentration with the less tinge of "ego" is required with a view to being a devotee.

To become a devotee to the truest sense means attainment of the highest height. The only desire from within our heart has got to be tended to the path of Bhakti (devotion). Emotion functions within our heart in order to establish our own individuality against our eagerness for any object. Where eagerness is high, there our emotion also is large.

It shall have the reciprocity if and when our desire for the matter concerned is maintained through and through. In that occasion emotion plays its note just like a terrific flood in a river. Emotion in its next phase gives way to the path of inspiration.

Inspiration is the only phenomenon hidden within the core of mind for the final achievement. A small plant is eaten up by a goat or a cow if it is not kept within a case made of wire-netting. Similarly, inspiration vanishes very often due to inclemency in the mental region.

At this odd moment we always exert our all-out ability to hold patience and forbearance. A little fickleness within our mind shall not enable us to work whole-heartedly for the cause. Truly, patience and forbearance are two lock-gates which check the path of concentration from being drifted away.

The word "concentration" means forcible detention. When anybody is kept in a concentration camp, then there is no other alternative but to surrender to the wishes of the oppressor. In the same way Sanyasins (devotees) surrender their "ego" at the feet of the Almighty. They keep their "self" in the region of concentration. That is, they are saved from the effect of horrible Vasana (desires).

I should say, that, my Karma (work and action) was gradually leading me to a passive state and hence, I ceased to be a Sadhaka (devotee) from practising the Tantra-cult (a state of higher order where the Goddess Mother comes in front of the worshipper) in the Burning Ghat.

It is about forty years ago from today (1962) I was given the bid by the Mother to practise concentration of the mind within the four walls of Ramanathpur Ashrama. Hence, I had very little opportunity to leave my hut. As my reputation as a monk had scattered in the distant villages, so, people of both sexes, used to remain squatted in front of my door for even two days at a stretch.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that women are susceptible to the awful onslaught of the act of Destiny in their respective home-front. So, I had to receive their visits with all my heart.

During the time of my Sadhana (meditation) within the closed doors it used to be their greatest difficulty to get me in the normal state. It was never unusual with the visitors to wait hours together in order to catch a glimpse of me. In one word I had my own inclination towards the Absolute and the visitors had their own inclination to meet their desired point of intersection.

In general I used to be available by them but always in the evening of the day. This means, my discussion with those people would continue even after the darkness of the night had set in. There would have been people who were from distant villages, and hence, the question to get back to their respective houses became a problem. It became with them a common occurrence to spend the night on the tip of the greatest disadvantages in my Ashrama (hut).

Definitely, I was apathetic to very many affairs. I was not my own master to while away the time. The tranquillity in my mind used to be stirred by those who used to call at me. The duration of the cleavage in my Yoga (meditation) would get filled up constantly due to the great wish of my Master.

Ardently, the people would seek my advice for their new order of life, in vain; because although remaining within them I used to be impregnable at the approach of the night.

That was my actual state of affairs in those days. But there are queer type of men who do not feel scared to spread calumny on the good name of certain men. Likewise, I had to sustain scathing remarks, so very often, while in deep concentration and meditation.

Once it went so far as to the point of calumny, that, it shook the foundation of my character. The villagers of Ramanathpur forgot, once again, their own sense of decency and jumped on me one fine morning with their full-throated slanders and offensive remarks. They had no tangible brief to cite against my good name; rather, they were a whirl-wind of their own design.

A devotee always maintains a mind as that of a student. There the age is not the criterion. He is a best devotee who has banished his "ego" from the heart and has the virtue within to hear only, and has forsaken the attitude to hurt anybody. In the pitch of their arrogance I had the least inclination to argue against.

The tussle took the shape of most high-handedness and the leaders of the affray shouted out with a note of caution, that, all my bona fides could be counted upon if only I would remain alive for a few days within the four walls of my deity's room from that very moment. Actually they had wanted me to stay within my small room without any food and water for a period of long seven days. Without any further altercation of words, soberly I went inside the room and knelt down, with folded hands and tears in my eyes, in front of the image of the Goddess Kali.

Oh! What a solace! What a bright manifestation of the Goddess Kali! The closed room was through and through dark.

Instantaneously, the Mother started emitting Her celestial Light from Her own body and made the room fluorescence-lit. I felt the Mother in the other way for so many years. I was least in my "self" and saw the Mother in the Divine Form and the great step the Gracious Mother took in my favour was so very thrilling and enchanting! The

Mother came Herself to me and lifted me over Her Divine Lap! All my consciousness was taken over by the Super-consciousness and I became One with that Big One for all the seven days of trial.

It was a ruthless challenge instituted by a pack of skeptics about my devotion. At least I had been moving up to that moment, on the name of The Mother of the Universe.

I had been practising the formalities of being a Sanyasin. Brahmacharyam (celibacy) was my only vow and fully I was observing the principles heart and soul. As to the purity within me there was no dearth of credence, yet, a few turbulent men did not spare their pains to perpetrate their preposterous conviction concerning my state of affairs.

For long 7 days I did not feel the Nature's call within me. Both my appetite and thirst for a glass of drinking water got quenched due to the preoccupation of the Divine Mother within me.

How could I explain the inner significance which had happened, within my heart, particularly when I was beyond the region of senses.

What is Pran (Life)? As within a ray of light there are hidden seven spectrums, similarly Pran (Life) within the cell of a body becomes a combination of certain forces. Pran is never Brahman (soul) itself. Rather it is the Jyoti (Divine Light) of the Lord, or, we may say that it is the Force which the Lord Himself emanates, constantly, out of Illusion (Maya).

He who has the power of introspection is a man of wisdom. There are two types of wisdom what we generally see within the human beings. The man of wisdom having egoistic cult prominent within him, although has gained in the footing of higher knowledge, yet is not tinged with the Divine Force. Out of a Force he has acquired more force which is the natural outcome and an established Law of the earth.

But the man who has attained certain power and acquired knowledge by means of devotion becomes a man of Divine gesture. This type of man gradually understands that the life in the body is a system which is directly under the cycle of operation of the Nature.

So, this 2nd type of human beings having divinity within receives real type of death at the end. These beings learn to discard the gross phenomenon of the life and finally understand that the Jyoti (force) in the cell of the body is really the Jyoti of the soul.

We get light only when there is a source to radiate the glow or light. Similarly the Omnipotent Lord is emitting His Joyti in the form of life.

First, the ego which is vibrant in the life of any human being has got to be eradicated. Secondly, the Karma (work and action) has to be performed in a phased way but there should not be any urge for the final effect. Every action will bear a fruit. It may either have the good side or the worst. The man who surrenders his "self" life long at the Feet of the Lord and yet works according to the issues with which he is confronted has one virtue at the background of all events. This type of man is practically a Jara (morbid) concerning his own individuality. He feels that his bath means the bath of his Lord; whatsoever he eats is offered in the name of the Lord; the work he performs is done by the great wish of the Blessed Lord; when he sleeps there also the Great Lord sleeps to His desire, and finally whatever he speaks is spoken by the Lord Himself. Thus, anything that comes up in the life of such a person hints at the Eternity and the "ego" of the man, in turn, plays the role of a witness.

To remain a witness throughout the span of the life within the body has to be practised. Where to go and where to stay*, when to eat and what to eat must not be the ruling factors. Remaining within the pot-hole of the materialistic world he does not urge for any of the working events. His only urge rests in the seeking of the Maha-prana (the Absolute Creative Force).

So the Prana (life) in any body does not attain the high; altitude even if all the knowledge is instilled within. Undoubtedly, this knowledge becomes the treasure of such a devotee only when he detaches his "ego" from the "self".

With the death, the body only dies but not the "self". The Sanyasins assert that so long there is a single grain of Vasana (desire) there cannot be death in the real sense.

It is the Pranayam (concentration of the mind) which enables one to dissect the Pran (life) from its gross state.

What do we mean by the gross state of the Prana (life)? The Brahman (absolute) is the Omnipotent Being, and hence It is the Omniscient. In this state He is formless. Maya or Illusion is the Creative Essence. All that we see, or all that we have been ourselves, are His manifestation with respective forms. The life in the body is formed with Five Elements being a part and parcel of Earth, Water, Heat, Air and Ether. "Life" is the Active Agent in the form of an adhesive category to form the body with these Five Elements.

For a living "form" all these constitute in a single mass. But, this is not life, so to say. And, in the category of life there are certain formidable issues,—that is, life in the animals and plants focuses respective criterions; but in the life of human beings it is having all the qualities of the animals and plants as well as certain specific qualification being known as consciousness.

The more the Prana (life) within our body is regulated and freed from the influence of the five elements the more that Prana (life) gets the scope to be in unison with the Maha-Prana (super life) order. In that state this type of superman gets beyond the working order of the senses and remains with the Jyoti (luminosity) of the creative force.

The taste of a grain of sugar is sweet and it can be tasted only when one would chew one such grain and beyond that there is no way to express the actual state of order. Similarly, the ascent of the consciousness within the region of super-consciousness will be maneuvered only when one will be able to form within him the actual avenue to reach that height.

This "self" when gets blended with the super-natural order will make one forgetful of the appetite or any other type concerning Nature's call.

And, I had that blissful state at a stretch for seven days which was my trial period. Finally, I could conquer their heart. It was proven to the hilt that the efficacy of devotion is never to be subdued by the sheer will of a pack of turbulent men.

I could cross the hurdles that lay in the path of my Sanyasin's order, as well I had no barrier in the society I lived in.

Thereafter and up to this moment I am treated in the village of Ramanathpur as a man of remarkable order.

*It is about two years I have been staying, at times, in the house of Sri Sukumar Bhattacharyya, J. P., Santragachi, Howrah.

LOVE

"It was decided upon in the year of 1930 that, I should commemorate that particular date which led me to the region of the Bliss, and since then it is being observed every year. Fortunately that date is followed by the Great Pujah of Saraswati Debi (Goddess of Learning).

How strange is it to think about the mentality of those villagers who really became blind with their ill designs and wanted me to remain for 7 days, without any food and water, in that small room which was no doubt like a dungeon? By the blessings of Mother, I was delivered, on the due date with all my stout physique and distinct brightness.

To what extent they became sorry for their mean attitude was beyond my wit to survey. Nevertheless, they tendered their apology to me and sought my benediction.

In order to supplement their lofty goodwill towards me, every year, they had wanted me to observe, the particular date when I could receive my Siddhi (final order of the Impersonal on my personal sense). And, Saraswati (Goddess of Learning) Pujah takes place just after that particular auspicious moment, so, they had requested me to conduct this Pujah, too, on a bigger scale.

For a while, in the year 1930 after I had heard their proposal I became obstinate in my one way. In a second I had to change my mind and submit to their demand. A Sanyasin should not display any arrogance and hence, I could not set any bitterness on them who are most ordinary in their daily life. In the next moment I cleared off all pangs which I had to sustain severely due to their flimsy get up.

It was my turn to project benevolence against their low mentality and to seek the great Mother's Grace against their ignominious understanding.

Since then up to this moment it has been for a good deal of decades I had fulfilled their desire, every year, and the vast congregation that had gathered, during the period of the Pujah could be served with cooked rice, curry, and sweets.

It has always been a big congregation to the extent of twenty thousand heads strong. Nobody is to worry for the observance of this colossal task. It is the villagers, from far and wide, who subscribe every year their poor mite, either in the form of cereals and green vegetables, or in cash. Their eagerness to perform the Pujah has given me impetus to stand the great hardship and deep austerity for long duration of the Pujah.

The note of surprise lies in the fact, that, after the completion of my Pujah mounds of cooked rice is thrown by me among the big gathering. What a scene of agitation it has been all these years. With due deference everybody waits anxiously to get a single grain of cooked rice which is known as Prasad (that what is offered to the Deity becomes Prasad).

It is not unnatural to find that these thrown-out rice would get trampled under the feet of those multifarious gathering. But, within the twinkling of an eye all the grains of Prasad are picked up with due devotional gesture. The villagers have found the greatest efficacy in a single such grain of rice at times of dire distress and painful ailments.

Their strong belief have enabled them to receive the desired result in all occasions, and hence they preserve these grains of rice with all keenness as a remedy during the time of severe catastrophe.

However, that has been an established truth to these men and women. But prior to getting this speck of land where the image of the Goddess Kali has been installed what a painful situation I had to face! Because, I had offered cooked rice to the goddess Kali, so, they did not mind to impose the most worst insinuation on me. With all their arrogance and rough temperament they actually had unseated me from the shelter and driven me out from the yard of my first host.

We do not care to understand that we have nothing to offer to the Lord of the Universe. Yet, externally we try to worship our Deity with good deal of materials. The Mother definitely accepts our offering if the whole Pujah is done with our tears.

Human beings have nothing to offer. Only we have our tender heart and pure tears to offer at the Feet of the Lord. This is known as Bhakti (devotion) which only would lead us to get into the Kingdom of God.

Devotion is the only essence with which we should prepare ourselves for our Karma (work and action) from the first phase of our life. And, it is the only means by which the end has to be achieved. By degrees we can merge ourselves into the pot-hole of the Maha Prana (the Absolute Creative Force). The petals of life which is like an onion will get unfolded, and being devotional, all our Karma (work and action) will have the passive state and finally the last petal of the life will await the merger with the Maha-Prana (Luminosity of the Lord or the Absolute Creative Force).

The Bhakta (Devotee) at this final stage becomes a part and parcel of the Divine Light. Only a big magnet has the power to attract a big mass of iron. Similarly, a devotee of highest order who has had realization of the Soul would have the power to pull other lives like a big magnet.

Every life is the carrier of the Absolute Creative Force. In other way it may be pointed out, that, the life of every human being is exactly like this Earth. This Earth is filled up with so many treasures. On the surface of the earth we find so many varieties of things. Within the bed of the earth there are innumerable ores and mines. Whatever man has been able to tap has not been the final achievement. We neglect only that much about which we have not been able to justify the efficacy, as yet. Once the question of utility is established, then, the ways to get more stuff becomes our only object.

Man has found out Diamond Mines within the deep bed of the earth and learnt to dive deep into the fathomless oceans to pick up the pearls. As yet, so many things are left out and every effort is being exerted, tooth and nail, with a view to ascertaining more things and their advancement towards the phenomenon of the cosmic theory has been marvelously prominent.

To propound new theory against the theory covering the Law of Nature might be of importance, but, will it not be much more gigantic if our achievement concerning the Grace of the Almighty becomes fruitful?

The prince of an estate knows fully well that all that belonging to the estate is his. So, he does not bother much for what he has. He is fully at ease, for this type of treasure being his own property. That is, the relevance of the phenomenon marks the reality in his approach of life.

Similarly, human beings are having only one essence at the background of their respective life. How often we forget this particular truth, although we do not forget to

stretch ourselves at the Feet of the Almighty only when we are submerged in the pool of a countless misery.

Are not we helpless in our all spheres of activities? Do we ever think that the sole Master of the Universe has kept aside the "triumph card" under His domain and has given us a tough tenacity, instead, to fight life-long with our individual "ego"?

In fact, the egoistic or the non-egoistic will perish by the same Law of Nature. The difference is that the former achieves death through a course which covers all that is within his own limit, while the latter accepts death, through a gradual change, known as transformation towards the prime core of the Life.

This phased change that betakes the span of the latter type, having only non-egoistic characteristics, will only be possible when the devotional attitude will be intensified within our heart. The egoistic or the non-egoistic man shall have to exert certain means in order to achieve success. In the egoistic spirit we see the superiority stamped by an inclination towards a state of manliness. But, the non-egoistic **cherishes** for the transformation into the state of being a God-Man in a most methodical way where devotion is the sole criterion to establish this truth.

Karma (work and action) is the inevitable outcome for every human being. The majority are striving for the establishment of name and fame save a very few who are nonattached. Those who are nonattached they do not feel the need of becoming unscrupulous even for a single deal. The only criterion for them is their liberty to remain forgetful of their own stamina, and all their expeditious drive for work and action is for Truth only.

Any mal-practice, deception or perversion is not to be hatched within the heart of such a noble person. So, the ethical aspect can never be stagnant nor becomes stereotyped throughout the career of a noble man. By sticking to the path of devotion the mind erupts out and hence, the "Illusions" of the life, which constantly impede the development, are knocked off into pieces.

Every exploration in the soil of earth will have some feasibility of success. So, a mind when constantly is charged with a note of devotion will unfold a mirror-like state.

When the sun, in the sky, radiates its rays at an angle, then, the image of a man, under this sun, will be seen somewhere. But the sun remaining directly overhead will effect the shadow underneath our feet.

Every human life is His life. But, this is seldom realized because we are not keen enough to practise, whole-heartedly, all the laws and principles of life. It is the same Eternal Creative Force—the All-pervading Omnipotent Being—who is reigning within the core of our heart.

The human manliness supplements to the "ego" and likewise the dazzling sun it is radiating its glow from an acute angle with the result that we are always conscious of our own stamina and strength. Undoubtedly, our manliness, proportionately, emits a light seeing which other men at our front can get a glimpse of the vigour within. But, this is not all. Because this light of manliness has neither the depth of illumination, nor it has the beams to be spread all-round.

It is only by means of a constant devotion something extra-ordinary, in the form of a miracle, is achieved. As analytically proven, herein, it may be said, that, the devotion at its highest stage knocks off the veil of ignorance, which is our only "ego" and makes the Bhakta's (Devotee's) heart just like a mirror.

The Universe is having the spontaneity of the Absolute Creative Force. Nowhere is void of His existence. As and when such a mirror is established within the heart of a being, then the Jyoti (Luminosity of the Almighty) is focused on it. Being directly opposite to each other—the Bhakta (Devotee) and Bhagawan (the Lord)—they see each other only. No sooner the Bhakta becomes the recipient of this celestial light on the surface of his mirror-like heart, than forthwith the same is reflected on the Original Divine Order.

Such a devotional man forgets his own self, becomes devoid of “ego”, transforms his manhood into God-Man, and finally confiscates his personal with a view to being at par with the Impersonal.

In one word when the heart of a being is free from all the arrogance of Vasanas (Desires) then only The Luminosity of The Lord will be superimposed on that man. There the Bhakta (Devotee) is relieved from the effects of Karma (Work and Action) and his heart becomes a store house of a Divine Honeycomb in which only the Almighty in the form of a Bee will remain within.”

I do not know what is the actual state of order that is now working within me. It is the Blessed Mother who has dragged me so far on Her lap and has hugged me, all along under all stress and strain, with Her merciful care.

I await Her bid and when the opportune moment comes up, I should fall in for all Her commands.

As Pranab, may I say, that, this much I have been able to state—which is really a fraction of the teachings and summary of his life-story—that Sree Sree Thakur told me on certain occasions. Whatever I have written has been, solely, possible due to the Grace of my Thakur.

OM TAT SAT

OM SHANTI